GRAN'POP REDUCES HIS ROAD RISKS.—BY LAWSON WOOD.

1/=

The Sketch

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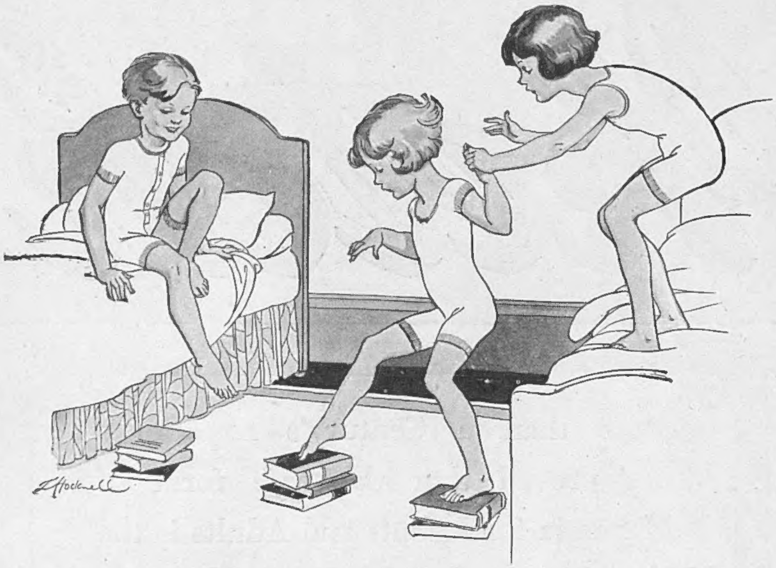

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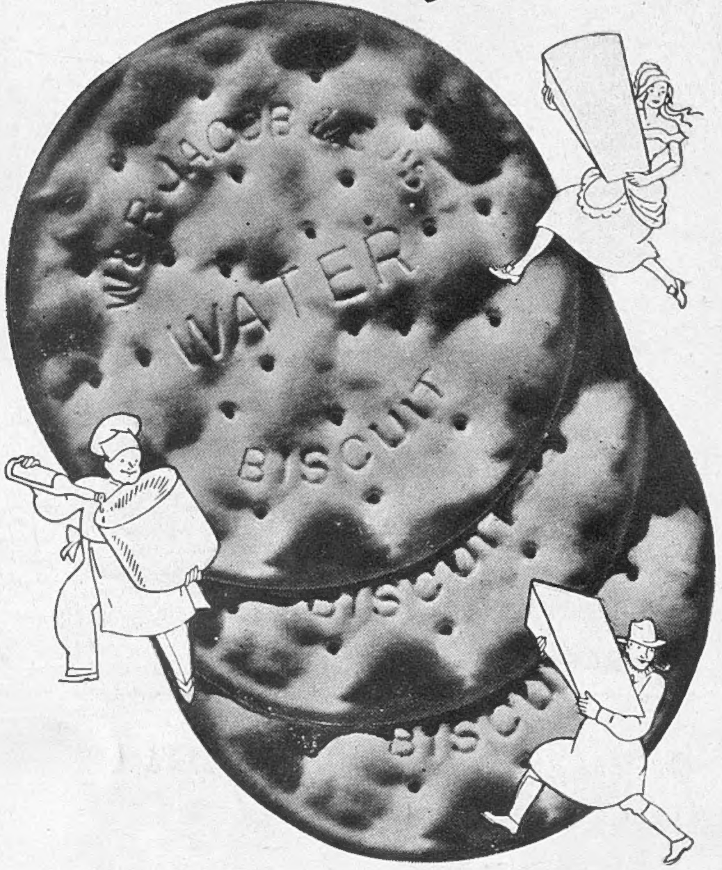

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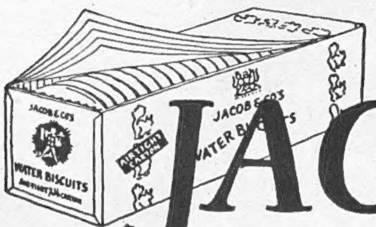

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The Sketch

No. 2175.—Vol. CLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

THE "PROPERTY" BRACELET THAT WAS REAL.

At the first night of Clemence Dane's "Moonlight is Silver," at the Queen's Theatre, GERTRUDE LAWRENCE had a delightful surprise. In the first Act DOUG. FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, has to give her a bracelet. Instead of the usual property jewellery, "Gee" discovered that he was making her a real present of a four-row bracelet of pearls linked together by diamond supports. A charming, and probably unique, method of giving!

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE HOLOCAUST.

YOU know how those obese operatic tenors bellow "On with the Motley!"? Well, this week I am not going to bellow, but merely to croon (like those whispering tenors with the frightful adenoids) "Off with the Motley!" I have obtained special permission from the Editor to address the Great British Public in tones of unaccustomed gravity. The Editor did not like the idea much. He was, in fact, rather terse about it. He could make allowances, he said, as well as any man, but there was a limit. Finally, however, he consented, giving a reason which struck me as very peculiar. "I dare say," he said, "you will be funnier when you are trying to be serious than when you are trying to be funny." Perhaps he is right, but it might have been put more delicately, I thought.

I merely wish to add a few words to the many which are being written and spoken about this "Toll of the Roads" question.

Frankly, we are all thoroughly ashamed of it, or we ought to be. We pride ourselves on being a law-abiding people and a humane people, and here we are, breaking the law in all directions and allowing thousands of people to be slaughtered every year. It is no exaggeration to say that a new terror has been added to life, and that when you set forth on the King's Highway you never know whether you will come back radiator first or feet first. If half-a-dozen people are killed in a railway accident (which happens very seldom indeed), we think it dreadful, but we seem quite powerless to stop the annual motor carnage. It is all very well to establish Zones of Silence, but this seems to be starting at the wrong end. Noise-abatement is important, but it is less important than bloodshed.

"Look, darling: there's the very hat for me! I simply can't bear my old one any longer!"

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

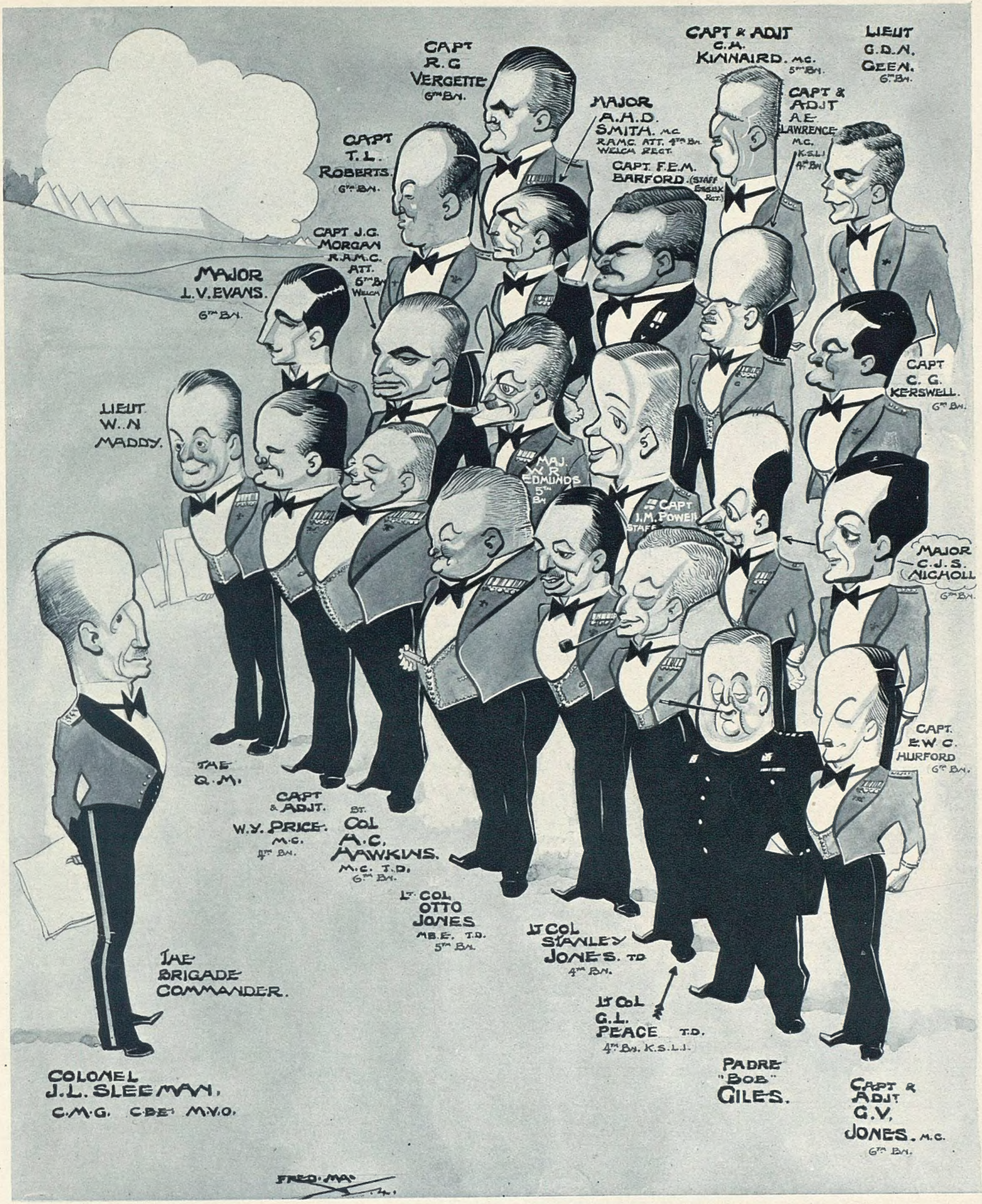
A motor-car is, in itself, an innocent, well-intentioned creature, but it may become dangerous in three ways: (1) by what lawyers call "inevitable accident"—*i.e.*, by sheer misadventure which no ordinary human care could have prevented; (2) by bad driving; and (3) by some dangerous defect in the machinery itself.

We may leave out of account, for present purposes, Cause (1), since nothing we can do will prevent it, the fact being that, with innumerable fast-moving vehicles buzzing round us, inevitable risks are bound to exist. Cause (2)—bad driving—naturally attracts most attention, being the most obvious source of danger. Now, it is surprising to learn that the average kind of driving in England is careless or incompetent. For myself, I have motored a good deal in England, and I have seen, or I think I have seen, far less reckless driving than I have noticed in other countries. I should have said that the average English driver is reasonably efficient and considerate—for example, he is nowadays far more punctilious about giving signals than many drivers on the Continent. However, it is not much use trying to defend him when the statistics tell such a terrible tale against him.

All sorts of defects have been pointed out, but there are one or two which do not seem to have received much attention. Personally, I am convinced that the slow-moving vehicle is, on the whole, a greater source of trouble than the fast-moving one. Motorists cannot share Mr. Chesterton's satisfaction that "the rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road." No doubt it adds a quaint charm when the road rolls so much that you never get a hundred yards without a blind corner; but if you happen to get behind a Puffing Billy, or an entire circus outfit, or a pantechnicon, on one of these serpentine highways, your progress will be like that of a mourners' coach. The result is that the most careful of motorists sooner or later loses patience and is tempted to take a chance at a corner or on a hill—and then there really *is* a mourners' coach. It does seem high time that these vast and lumbering Juggernauts were confined to definite highways. Then again, why should anybody be allowed to have head-lamps of such unnecessary power that the oncoming motorist simply has to stop dead, unless he wants to stop dead in another sense? If people *must* have Eddystone lighthouses to see the road, at least they might be made to set the beams at a proper angle. In America, this is a matter which is very carefully regulated; over here, the you-get-out-of-my-way-and-go-to-blazes miscreant can blind everybody on the road with impunity. I suppose it is no use asking that cyclists be made to carry proper, visible rear-lamps? It is "undemocratic," it is "not practical politics," to ask the poor cyclist to go to the small expense of buying himself a lamp, for the protection of his own life. Humbug!

Cause (3) — mechanical defects—does not seem to worry the authorities. I understand that their statistics indicate that comparatively few accidents are due to this cause. That is easily understood, for after the accident has happened it is very difficult to prove that it was attributable to mechanical trouble. Yet is it not obvious that the kind of decrepit rattletrap which you can nowadays buy for fourpence-halfpenny, and which the law allows you to put on the road in any palsied condition, is a public danger?

And then the garage. It is estimated by the Board of Trade that there are about 16,000 garages in this country. Only about a quarter of them are registered with the Institute of the Motor Trade, and about the same number are recognised as "Appointed Repairers" by the A.A. Anybody can set up as a physician and surgeon of motor-cars, whether or not he knows a big-end from a cam-shaft (which, personally, I don't). Now, the modern motor-car is a highly complicated machine, and the ordinary owner-driver is entirely in the hands of a garage for any major repairs. Clearly, an incompetent or careless mechanic can send a car out on the road in an extremely dangerous condition. I do not wish to make allegations against the majority of motor mechanics, but there is no doubt that many of them have very slender qualifications for their job, and we have all had painful experience of the fact. I suggest that motor-cars would be considerably less dangerous machines if everybody calling and professing himself an expert was compelled to have some legal qualification. But I don't suppose that is "practical politics" either!



AT MESS WITH THE 160TH (SOUTH WALES) INFANTRY BRIGADE.

The 160th (South Wales) Infantry Brigade has been on manœuvres at Porthcawl, and these sketches were made during a Brigade dinner. The Brigade consists of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Battalions of The Welch Regiment and the 4th Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry. It is commanded by Colonel James L. Sleeman, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.V.O.——Lt.-Col. Stanley Jones, T.D., commands the 4th Battalion Welch Regiment.——The 5th Battalion is commanded by Lt.-Col. Otto Jones; Major W. R. Edmunds is the second in command; and Captain C. H. Kinnaird, the adjutant.——The 6th Battalion is commanded by (Brevet) Colonel H. C. Hawkins, M.C., T.D., with Major C. J. S. Nicholl as second in command and Capt. G. V. Jones, M.C. (and two bars), as adjutant.——Lt.-Col. C. L. Peace commands the 4th Shropshire Light Infantry, and Capt. A. E. Lawrence, M.C., is adjutant.——The Padre of the Brigade is the genial "Bob" Giles.——Major A. H. D. Smith, M.C., is the Medical Officer, and Captains F. E. M. Barford (Essex Regiment) and I. M. Powell are on the staff.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

1

THE DOUGLASES AND ELIOTS ON THE FARM.

2

1. *LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT decides to "shoot" her mother, LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS, and her half-brother, JAMES LOUIS FITZROY DOUGLAS, as well as her sister, LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, at Manor Farm, Sherston, Wiltshire.*

2. *LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT is feeding the pigeons. She is the elder of Lady Blanche's two daughters by her first marriage—to the Earl of St. Germans, who died in 1922.*

3. *LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT and her boxing goat, which looks very fierce.*

4. *LADY BLANCHE holding two of her horses, TULLOCK and SAN FARIAN. She is greatly interested in racing and hunting, and has now taken up aviation as well. She is the elder of the two sisters of the Duke of Beaufort.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

3

4

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

AN EYES - LEFT CONVERSATION PIECE.

This charming photograph of MRS. RALPH COBBOLD and her little son, NICHOLAS SYDNEY, was taken at their town house in Rutland Gate. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cobbold was Miss Christie-Miller. The little boy was christened recently. He had three godfathers and two godmothers to promise and vow things for him.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

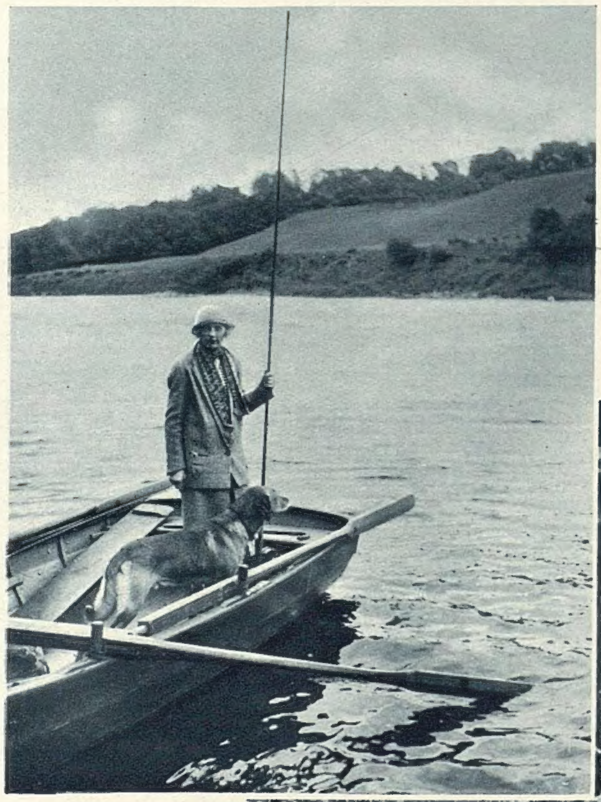
NOTHING fixes a more indelible impression on the mind of a youngster than the capture of a big fish, particularly if he is one of the prime movers in the event. I can well believe that, in fifty years' time, Paul Hayward will be recalling to John Addison the thrilling adventure they had on a certain day—Sept. 8, 1934—when, at the respective ages of sixteen and ten years, they engaged in a tremendous battle with a huge trout in the "Officers' Preserves" of the Wiltshire Avon. Paul will recall how his light rod and 4x cast withstood the mighty rushes of the trout, and how his heart was in his mouth as he slowly drew the exhausted fish to the landing-net. Then John will remind him how cleverly he managed to manœuvre the all-too-small landing-net so that the monster head and body was sufficiently far over the ring to drop in, and not out of the net, as he lifted, and how he struggled with the heavy burden up the bank and far over into a field before he dare put it down. They will recall the pleasure with which they gloated over their prize, the triumph with which they carried the 22½-inch trout back to the Officers' Quarters, and their pride as they stood while their uncle, Mr. B. S. Hayward, took the photograph reproduced on this page.

Chubbing on the Thames. Writing from Wallingford-on-Thames, my old friend Dr. Lewis Smith, who rarely misses spending a week or two each season chub-fishing on the Thames, informs me that he and Mrs. Smith are having fairly good sport, but fish are hard to locate. The reason for this, he explains, is that, though there is plenty of water, there is practically no stream, and consequently the fish wander from their usual lairs. On the day prior to his letter they caught twenty-two chub, eight of which averaged 2 lb. apiece, so they are not doing so badly. In other seasons Dr. Smith has had several hundred chub in two or three weeks' fishing. Another enthusiastic chub fisherman is Mr. Patrick Chalmers, author of many delightful books on fishing and shooting. He lives close to the Thames, and in his book, "The Tail of the Weir," published a year or two ago, he painted a most seductive picture of the possibilities of Thames fishing. Many trout fishermen are scornful of the idea of catching chub on fly, but if half the pleasure of trout-fishing is stalking, rising, and hooking a difficult fish, then the chub offers this amount of pleasure and more, for the trout is less wary and quick-sighted. The chub may not put up such a good fight when hooked, but it requires skilful handling on fine tackle. The President of the Fly-Fishers' Club, Dr. E. A. Barton, is no stranger to Thames chub, and has a keen appreciation of their sporting possibilities, as he admitted in his book, "Chalk Streams and Water Meadows." He recommended a course of Thames chub-fishing to chalk-stream anglers who fancy that their trout are difficult to catch.

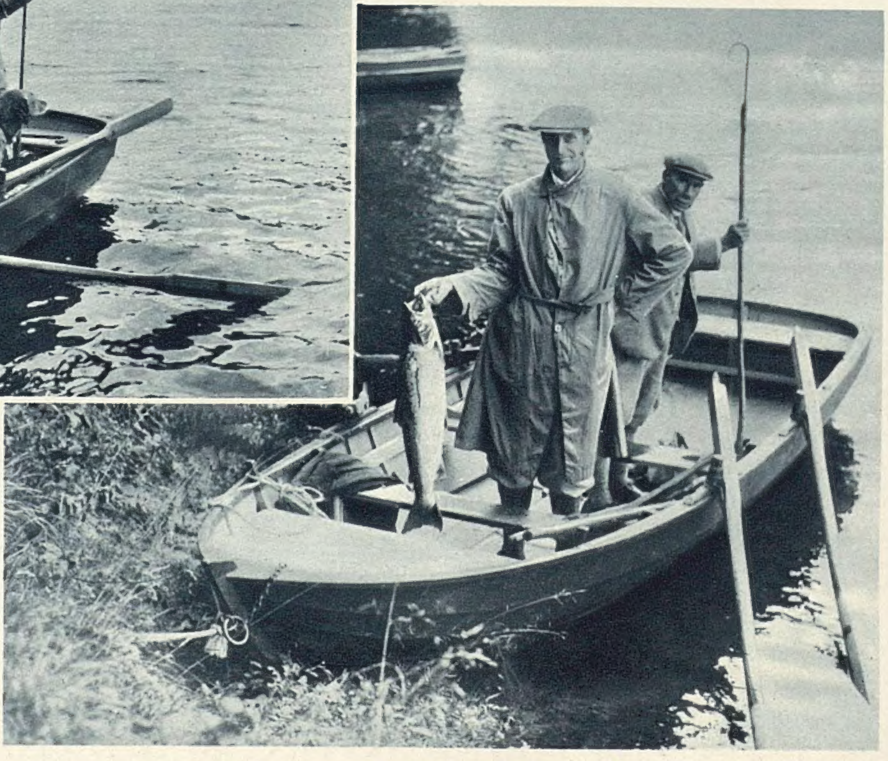
A Beat on a Salmon River. Horse-racing is the sport of kings and salmon-fishing the sport of millionaires, according to popular ideas. I am not interested in horse-racing, but I would like to guide the popular idea on salmon-fishing into better focus. It is quite wrong to picture the salmon angler as a wealthy individual who pays £200 for a month's fishing and lands one or two fish. No doubt, by bad luck or bad fishing, such a dire example has actually existed, but it is the exception and not the rule. Let us suppose you have a spare £130 which you are ready to sacrifice on a month's salmon-fishing—what could you get for the outlay? I have fixed the figure of £130, as that is the actual rent of half the Hendersyde Fishing on the Tweed—only two rods fish this 2¾ miles of water, including the famous Sprouston Dub—and I have just received some statistics of this water. They have been compiled by my friend Lieut.-Col. T. G. Taylor, D.S.O., who has been searching through the old fishing diaries, which go back to 1868.

Having paid the rent, which includes the use of one fisherman for each day, but not his lunch and one bottle of beer, which the tenant must provide, what is the prospect? With average luck, in February and March the bag should total about eighty fish of 8 lb. to 10 lb. for the month—not far short of three fish per day. With record luck, more than double that number may be taken, as happened in February 1926. If you prefer heavier fish, October or November are the months, and for £100 and £120 respectively you stand an excellent chance of landing a 30-pounder, as 117 have been taken since 1868; and a sporting chance of anything up to 45 lb., which is the record for the water. You might equal the score of a rod on Nov. 19, 1903—seventeen salmon weighing 318½ lb.—or another catch of twenty fish weighing 285 lb., caught on Oct. 17, 1906. You might even share with another rod in a catch similar to that in 1926, when two rods on Sprouston Dub and Lower Water killed seventy-seven fish up to 45 lb. in one week; or another of 105 fish killed in eight days in 1903 by two rods. One of these rods, fishing the Dub, had fifty-two fish, weighing 966 lb., in four consecutive days. These few figures, taken from a host of others, may help to dispose of the fantasm that the cost of salmon-fishing is about £50 per fish on a good beat on a first-class salmon river.

Neither of these youngsters will forget this 6¼-LB. TROUT they landed from the Wiltshire Avon.



LADY WARD, wife of Sir John Ward, photographed with her dog during a pause while fishing on the Tay.



LORD CHARLES HOPE with a fine 18-LB. SALMON which he landed on the Upper Stobball beat of the Tay. He has been staying with Sir John and Lady Ward. He is the well-known amateur rider and tennis star, and fishing is quite a change for him.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Fourteen tunny, from 411 lb. to 812 lb., were landed at Scarborough during the week ending Sept. 22.

Excellent sport is being had with trout in the Dove.

Sir Montague Barlow has participated in the good sea-trout fishing on Waterville Lake, Co. Kerry, where big catches of these sporting fish, weighing up to 2 lb. each, have been obtained.

Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry has left London for Yorkshire to fish for tunny.—R. L. MARSTON.

GRAN'POP REDUCES HIS ROAD RISKS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"STAR LIGHTER": A FANTASY.

THE MODERNISMS OF C. R. W. NEVINSON.

WHEN a one-man show by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson is announced, his fans prick their ears and anticipate a display of sardonic humour and fantasy. They won't be disappointed in his new exhibition, which opens at the Leicester Galleries next Saturday, Oct. 6. This page is merely a foretaste.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN": A FANTASY.

"SACRIFICE": AN ALLEGORY.

"A DANCING"—LE VIEUX PORT, MARSEILLES.

"THEY ALL KNOW THE WAY": A Symbolic Satire on Fascists, Socialists, Capitalists, Hedonists, Ascetics, Intellectuals, and Priests.

THE ARTIST, THE PORTRAIT, AND THE DUCHESS.

In order to show how like her portrait is to herself, the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER is standing beside it. The picture is the work of MRS. AMBROSE McEVOY, widow of the famous artist and herself a fine painter. The Duchess's marriage took place in 1932. She is an American; a daughter of Mr. Robert Davidson Kennedy; and has the pretty and unusual Christian name of Rafaelle.

SCOTTISH ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

"THE Peebles Philharmonic Society have decided not to hold an opera season this winter, owing to the present low state of their finances" (*Glasgow Bulletin*), but several "socials" will take place to raise funds, and "it is hoped to resume operatic work next season." We feel that Mr. Fred Balfour of Dawyck, and daughter Nemoni, who possess such fine voices, should endeavour to make their county town the Scottish Salzburg, instead of straying to Salzburg. In the days of James IV., smart society from Edinburgh visited a playhouse in "Peblis" where current Cowardisms found favour, before the dark pall of religious disapproval descended on a country which is only now beginning to realise that gaiety, happiness, and self-expression are not necessarily sinful.

MR. MARK PATRICK, M.P., and his wife, LADY EVELYN PATRICK, who is the daughter of the late Earl of Lovelace, are sun-bathing in the porch after golf at Gleneagles Hotel. Mr. Patrick was at the House before the war, when he went into the 9th. They are ardent golfers and have now gone on some Highland visits.

MRS. FRANK DOUGLAS wearing one of the new apron waistcoats in brown suède and a high-crowned felt hat of the latest lines. Her husband, Captain Frank Douglas, was a gunner, and is now a popular Stock Exchange figure.

WING-COMMANDER OAKLEY-BEUTTLER and MRS. BEUTTLER after shooting in the north of Scotland. She is one of the half-dozen best women all-round shots in this country. They live in Devon and were sailing all this summer.

SIR HUGH and LADY SMILEY over at Gleneagles for the day. They were staying with the Stewart-Clarks. Sir Hugh and Sir Stewart are cousins.

Some southerners feel (as do some renegade Scots) that self-expression in the form of piping contests is undesirable, but we must congratulate Pipe-Corporal Bain (Scots Guards) on winning the Gold Medal at Inverness from Pipe-Major Forrest (K.O.S.B.) and Pipe-Major Logie (Seaforth Highlanders), who were second and third. Our favourite piper, who tours London on Sunday mornings waking Lady Malcolm, the Jock Bruces, and others, did not compete. He might not defeat the champions, but he certainly bridges zones of silence.

Some comic passages were written by Patrick Balfour about Mothers of Débutantes who appear in books of reference as "Born, 1908. Married, 1913," and a lot of nonsense appears in the popular press about mothers and daughters who look like sisters; but we assure you that at the Western Meeting Mrs. Jimmy Weir and her nearly seventeen-year-old daughter looked respectively twenty-eight and twenty-three. Mrs. Weir, whose husband was a pioneer of aviation with his brother, Lord Weir, is a woman so sincerely shy and self-effacing that her brains and charm show to greater advantage in *l'intimité* than among crowds.

Ayr was characterised by crowds, even on the wet day when nothing went right—least of all the horses. It's a splendid meeting, confident, opulent, and invaded by the English racing world in their cliques and cabals. From a racing point of view there's no course to touch it in Scotland but Perth's more picturesque, Hamilton Park more comfortable—for humans, not for horses, who think twice about making that grade to the winning-post — and Musselburgh possesses the finest view, including gasworks recently redecorated or "done over," as American hostesses say of their guest rooms, in tomato, with an insertion of peach around the midriff. Kelso (Oct. 12 and 13) might be any country jump-meeting in a ducal neighbourhood, and about Lanark we shall know more next week — or less, according to the S.P. Looking back at Musselburgh the following facts emerge, as crime experts say.

That Lady Rosebery was the best-looking and best-dressed woman, her daughter Lavinia the prettiest, least affected, and most energetic young thing.

That the Archie Maclagens' private room was crowded for teas. We noted Marie Lady Stewart-Clark, Lady Newnes, Leslie Balfour-Melville, veteran athlete, and Lady Mar and Kellie, whose second son married Mrs. Maclagen's niece. Her daughter Noel (Mrs. Angus Fergusson) was an excellent assistant hostess, and the drop scones were sustaining. Mr. Maclagen is as keen a supporter of Scottish racing as Lord Hamilton of Dalziel, and others more in the public eye.

That Priscilla Gurney is not afraid of freak fashions.

That Lady Ursula Manners, who resembles her dark Tennant mother closely, looked at home among Esmonds.

That the Ladies Alexandra Haig and Victoria Scott were the best-dressed sisters, challenged by the Ladies Anne and Joan Hope—but where were the Scott twins?

That Major "G.O." Sandys, when asked to find the (most attractive) lady, selected Mrs. Baskerville Clegg, whose husband's in the Greys. Replying to the same question, "Bill" Napier thought Lady Sylvia Maitland, in a dark-blue jockey-cap, invincible. We thought *Mesdames* Sandys and Napier had about the best tweeds, Pam Deuchar and Mrs. Frank Hartigan also showing to advantage.

That Gwenneth Butler, neat in green and never unescorted, will be back in London for the London Ice Club's opening gala to-night (Oct. 3). She's probably the best skater of school figures alive.

That Miss Kitty Fullerton, pretty daughter of the Navy's handsomest Admiral, deserved a halo for tipping Goose Quill strongly.

That Teddy Brown and Florrie Forde topped the entertainers' bill, while Owen Nares preferred golf at North Berwick.

On those much discussed links (Sir Courtauld Thomson's fee for playing at North Berwick is ten guineas, but living at Gullane he 's biased) we met Eric Martin-Smith taking a stroll in a theatrical top-coat, Sir David Baird murmuring a witticism to no one in particular, Sir Stanley Jackson looking the determined administrator he is, General Wauchope listening attentively to several ladies at once, Lord Hawke playing with a straight bat, Mrs. Eustace Storey talking to Lord Waleran or to Lord Ashfield, the Dowager Lady Smiley whistling for her poodle, and the Duchess of Grafton taking her daughters to the shore for sea-shells. The elder, Mrs. George Cooper, is fascinating to look at and seldom publicised. Slender to vanishing point, she has an upturned, whimsically enquiring profile decidedly Raeburnesque. For dinner, at the Marine Hotel, she wore a cloth-of-gold tunic and long straight skirt scattered with little stars—the true *Fra Angelica* gold, which, with her black hair and pale face, was enchanting. The Deuchars, Esmonds, Horlicks, and Thomsons continue to keep open houses. Guests have moved round this circle week by week, enjoying an inexpensive holiday.

Another type of holiday, less cheap but no less charming, attracts hundreds to Gleneagles Hotel, where we found Dorothy Fane and her mother in the hall, also Wing-Commander Oakley-Beuttler and his wife from deepest Devon, which they leave twice annually for Scotland and/or the Alps. The Restaurant du Soleil was packed with peers, including the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Lonsdale; but we eat the same food in the dining-room, where tennis stars of every nation made Wimbledon seem only yesterday. They like playing at Gleneagles, in spite of winds born above Schehallion, the surprisingly jagged and undomestic peak which can be seen by those who walk in the "policies," as opposed to those who only walk the ball-room floor.

LUNCH LIST. Diplomatic Madame de Gripenberg, the Pat Andersons with the Geoffrey Ackroyds, the Smileys with the Stewart-Clarks, the Arsenal football team, Lord Ashley in a suit of that blue, brown, and fawn checked tweed first popularised by the Prince; the Adrian Baillies with their Monte Carlo crowd, including Toby Waddington, Captain Margesson, and Lili Damita; Angela Dudley-Ward of the perfect figure, with Lord Borodale and Sir M. Wilson; Mrs. Frank Wallace in the perfect suède waistcoat, Mr. Freddie McEvoy about to order a "Scotch skirt," abetted by the Harbord brothers; Sir Alfred McAlpine and family, and finally, Lord Pollington, playing better tennis after coffee

WESTERNS. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey borrowing Lady Northesk's white mackintosh. Rohays Burnett, Margaret McKenzie, and Barbara Hayes Sadleir having a delicious girls' gossip.

Gentle Lady Margery Dalrymple-Hamilton avoiding photographers with Lady Morrison-Bell. Mr. John Drury-Lowe with Lord Inverclyde, Mrs. Richard Bethell and Nefertari Bethell completing the group.

Commander Billyard Leake with Mrs. Aldridge, and Sir John Grey with Betty Chester; the "Mount" Fanes side by side, also the Roderick Brunners and the Hamish Stewart-Peters—Jill Henderson that was.

Rosario Scrope, who, if votes were taken, would win the Regulars' Popularity Plate and Cup, with brother Reynaldo (Scropes run to nice names) and Lady Dumfries, whose husband wore brown and beige checked tweed trousers.

Lord Eglinton with his cheerful brother and sister-in-law, the Frankie Montgomeries, Mrs Rank with (not on) one of her many horses, the George Heneages arm in arm, and Lady Cory with vivacious daughter Carmen.

Miss Ruth Primrose in the best of three-quarter coats, Miss Susan Hambro in the biggest of velvet bérets, Miss Dorothy North with the biggest of wise grey eyes.

Canary tweeds worn by dashing Mrs. David Forbes, mustard by hearty Mrs. Jock Ralston, and emerald green by Mrs. Edward Standish, who stayed with the Heneages.

Military were mainly Scots Fusiliers; Stewards included Mr. John Johnstone; distinguished personages, Lady Cambridge; Local Lights, the Misses Isobel Walker, Jean Burns, and Nancy Rankin

MR. ANGUS CAMERON, MISS GRANT, MR. C. McPHERSON, MR. GEORGE CAMPBELL, and MISS BARBER at the Northern Meeting at Inveresk. They are all wearing tartan, except Miss Barber, who has chosen a neat check.

At the Highland Games at Inverness: MRS. ALASDAIR MACLEAN, MR. MILLINGTON, LADY JOAN HOPE, CAPTAIN ALASDAIR MACLEAN, and LADY FLAVIA ANDERSON.

At the 11th Siamese Cat Championship Show, which took place last week, the prizes were distributed by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, that great cat-lover who has written a most amusing preface to Mrs. Phyl Wade's book, "The Siamese Cat," in which he states that there is a legend that these cats were originally kept as repositories for the souls of transmigrating Siamese royalties. YO YO OF BEDALE, *who sat for the photographs, was the best Siamese in the Cheltenham Show this year, and is the property of Mrs. Phyl Wade. The sire of the kittens is Pita; while the mother had Valiant as sire and Jane of Abingdon as dam. Both Pita and Yo Yo go back to Champion Bonzo.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DELIUS.

REPOSITORIES FOR THE SOULS OF TRANSMIGRATING ROYALTIES?

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

THE MUCH-BEJEWELLED SNOUTIE AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN.

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran is one of the famous Ruthven twins and a daughter of Lord Ruthven. Her dachshund, Snoutie, follows the prevailing fashion of single pearl earrings and choker collar, and manages to look most attractive in them.

1. A close-up of MISS HELEN LOW, who was looking her charming best in a grey velvet béret. She and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand were two pretties in the same party as Lady Elizabeth Murray.
2. The HON. PATRICIA ST. CLAIR, Lord and Lady Sinclair's only daughter, is one of Scotland's most smiling and popular young girls.
3. The HON. MRS. HERMON HODGE and MR. HERMON HODGE. Before her very recent marriage, she was Miss Sybil Hare. He is a great Perthshire personality and lives at Luncarty, a famous place.
4. Sitting on the stand were LORD MAITLAND, LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND, MR. JOHN CAREW and MISS RUTH ERSKINE, and their host, MR. JOHN DRUMMOND (right). The Drummonds gave a sausage party at Megginch after the races. Liquid refreshment was also on tap.
5. On the Club Stand steps: LADY DELAMERE, whose win with Riverholme was warmly applauded, talking to her host and hostess, MR. and MRS. JOHN DRUMMOND of Megginch.
6. MR. and MRS. WILLIAM LINDESAY. He is in the Scots Guards, and is heir-presumptive to his uncle, Lord Lindsay. His popular wife was Miss Marjorie Cross, Lady Hawke's daughter by her first marriage.
7. MISS PEGGY CAMPBELL PRESTON, her fair curls in evidence, and LADY JANE FITZROY, a sister of the Duke of Grafton.
8. Close-up of MISS PENELOPE PACKE, who was amongst the prettiest girls present. She wore elaborately checked cream tweed and a dark-brown hat with a wide brim.

SNAPSHOTS FROM SCOTLAND: AT THE PERTH RACES.

THE KILT AND CRUMMOCKS AT PERTH.

MRS. FORRESTER, with CAPTAIN DRUMMOND MORAY and LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, in keen consultation with race-cards. Like others here seen, Captain Drummond Moray carries a shepherd's crook—or, if you will, a crummock, or crummie-stick!

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG and MR. N. RANKIN, whose "crook" was a size larger than Captain Drummond Moray's!

LORD and LADY SCONE. He is carrying an outsize in shepherd's crooks!

MISS McGREGOR of Cardney, with MISS KATHARINE KEYES, second daughter of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, and LORD REAY.

THE BALLET KEEPS ITS HOLIDAY SNAPS

IRINA BARONOVA making a drawing of herself in "Présages" on the sands at Juan-les-Pins.

BARONOVA at the Ile Ste. Marguerite, about to dive.

MME. BARONOVA (the dancer's mother); MR. A. L. HASKELL (author of "Balletomania"); BARONOVA, and a friend, in an unproduced Egyptian ballet!

BARONOVA, on the last day of the holidays: "Can I still get on my points?"

Another snap of BARONOVA at Eden Roc.

(Left) "The Cliff-Climbers": JAN HOYER with BARONOVA at Ile Ste. Marguerite.

THESE very attractive Russian Ballet snaps were taken by Mr. Arnold L. Haskell, author of the fascinating book, "Balletomania: the Story of an Obsession," which is having such a success. After the London season the whole Ballet went on holiday to the South of France, and was scattered all along the Côte d'Azur—Baronova,

GRACE IN ORDINARY LIFE: BY A BALLETOMANE.

The way of an eagle on a rock! BARONOVA at Ile Ste. Marguerite.

Up a Tree! BARONOVA.

The friendliest of rivals: TAMARA TOUMANOVA and IRINA BARONOVA at Juan-les-Pins.

" L'Après-Midi d'un Faune": BARONOVA as the Faun; A. L. HASKELL as the Nymph!

Mermaid and man! BARONOVA with ARNOLD HASKELL—and some seaweed and pebbles.

(Right) On a rope ladder at Eden Roc: BARONOVA and a friend.

who is the sixteen-year-old heroine of the book, was at Juan-les-Pins; Toumanova at Golfe Juan; and so on. Mr. Haskell could not resist the temptation to be with his friends before they left for Mexico, and took some perfectly delightful informal photographs of them when they met for picnics, bathing, and so on.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MRS. HAROLD S. VANDERBILT, wife of the "Rainbow's" helmsman, photographed while waiting to go out on a tender to the starting-point during the "America's" Cup races.

THERE can be no doubt that, if one wants to find out who is back in London, the thing to do is to go and lunch at one of the favourite resorts. The Ritz last week was full of holiday-makers who had returned to London, some for good and others merely passing through. The first ground frost of the season synchronised with the first appearance of a number of women who appeared at the restaurant in autumn dress, though it is a curious fact that, while dressmakers offer women purple or red or green frocks from which to choose autumn clothes, black should seem to be so much more popular than colours. Lady Buchanan-Jardine and her sister, the Princess de Chimay, both looked particularly well dressed in black, with neat hats to match; so did Lady Scarsdale. Lady Jersey, however, chose blue for her dress, and it suited her very admirably.

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Lady Warwick, who was one of the first to start the no-hat-at-lunch fashion, seems to have changed her mind. On the two or three occasions when I saw her recently, she was wearing one of the fashionable rather flat felt hats. Lady Ashley, on the other hand, seems to like leaving her golden, almost shoulder-length, curls uncovered. Lady Inchcape, when lunching at Quaglino's, also followed this fashion. She looked very smart in a grey flannel suit, with a navy-blue blouse. She was sitting at a table next to that occupied by the Maharajah of Rajpipla, one of whose guests was Sir Anthony Weldon's younger brother, Brian.

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"La Crise est Finie," or, to give it its English title, "The Slump is Over," drew a large number of interesting first-nighters to the Curzon Cinema. Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, who is naturally interested in the technique of films, as she has become a movie artist herself, looked particularly charming in a long clinging frock of red tissue woven with gold threads. She was having a long talk with the Marquis de Casa Maury, who is one of the young men who always wear a red carnation with evening dress. Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas were also there, as were the Iain Murrays; but the latter couple wore their day clothes, as do so many of us when going to the "flicks." Lady Diana Cooper came with her husband; and Lady Victor Paget wore an ermine tippet edged with little black tails, that so short that it could hardly be called a wrap!

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Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard were other first-nighters at "La Crise est Finie." They have been motoring all over Germany, and finished up at Carlsbad, though not to take the cure. Mrs. Pinckard declares that she is thankful she has never had anything the matter with her that needs a Carlsbad treatment. Cherry Pinckard has returned from her camping in Norfolk, and is back in town with her parents at their house, Hays Lodge, in John Street, where the roof-garden refuses to give up its summer splendour, in spite of advanced season.

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The Lefèvre Galleries opened their autumn season with an exhibition of the paintings of Mr. Bernard Lintott, an artist who is now better known in America than in his own country, as he spends so much of his time there. Consequently, the Gallery was full of Americans all dolled-up in the latest Paris clothes and looking too smart for words. Mr. Lintott has painted scores of well-known people in the U.S.A., including Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt; and among his canvases at the Lefèvre there is a very good portrait of Mr. Chester Dale, a prominent New York banker, and a connoisseur of paintings as well; there is also a clever one of Leslie Howard, now facing Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

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Mr. Lintott has an unaffected, easy way of putting on colour, and, besides some most attractive flower pieces, his impressions of clowns, and a picture called "The Polish Dress," are very clever, as well as a strong, slightly Sickert-esque sketch of a jazz orchestra. Lady Clarke, the wife of our Ambassador in Paris, paid him the compliment of coming over specially to see his exhibits. She has always been interested in his work, and is an artist herself.

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After the show, Miss Clara Evelyn, who sings so well, and plays her own accompaniments too, which is a rare accomplishment, gave a party for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lintott (the latter hails from the U.S.A.). This was a most amusing spontaneous affair, and some of the guests stayed on and had a cold supper. Besides Miss Evelyn, there were other musicians who helped to make things go, especially a Russian who sang songs of his native land. These are always a great success at parties, perhaps on account of their emotional quality. That great amateur of music, Mrs. Claude Beddington, was there, looking extremely well dressed in grey. Mr. Lintott, by the way, before he spent so much of his time in America, used to live in Chelsea, and had a studio in the Manresa Road, in the same block where Augustus John used to have one years ago, before he was quite so famous.

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One of the parties of the future which promises to be particularly amusing is the Regency Rout, which will be held at Sunderland House

LORD and LADY FERMOY walking in the grounds of Dalhebity, Bieldside, Aberdeenshire, with their BABY DAUGHTER, to whom the Queen has consented to be a godmother. The child will be christened Mary Cynthia Burke Roche.

MISS CRYSTAL HERBERT, eldest daughter of Mr. A. P. Herbert, the well-known author and playwright, whose latest dramatic work is in "Streamline," is engaged to MR. JOHN SLEIGH PUDNEY, only son of W. H. Pudney, of Langley, Bucks. Their wedding is to take place at the end of November.

on Dec. 5. "Conversation Piece" showed us how attractive the clothes of the period can be for both men and women, and those lucky enough to possess old embroidered Indian muslins are having them got out of their trunks to make up. It is not likely, however, that the women of this generation will go to the lengths that their great-grandmothers did, and will be content with dresses that cling, without damping them before putting them on in order to show up their figures, like the Regency belles did—and then they say we are vain!

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The party will start with sherry and biscuits, the latter made from an exact recipe of Beau Brummel's day, and will come from Bath; and the dinner and supper parties will have menus strictly in keeping with the period. The dancing will also be as Georgian as possible; there will be a set of quadrilles, and, of course, the waltz, which had only just been introduced into England by the Lady Jersey of the day and caused such scandal. Byron was profoundly shocked by the immorality of the new dance, and wrote a long and amusing poem attacking it. It was, incidentally, much more lively and skittish than our idea of the dance, and partners did not hug each other closely, but very lightly, and kept as far away as possible.

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A most interesting exhibition of Camera Art is that at Sunderland House, and one of its chief points is the method of printing. This is the invention of Baron Mario Bucovich, and the result is a photographic print the nearest approach to oils imaginable. Without in any way detracting from the credit due to the Baron, it is only fair to say that many of his sitters are of the kind of people who would, in any case, make a fine picture.

One cannot, for example, imagine Lady Caroline Paget being anything but an inspiration to an artist, whether his medium be photography, pastel, or oils. The same applies to Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale (so well known to novel-readers as Barbara Cartland), Lady Anne Bridgeman, Lady Ashley, and Merle Oberon, who are also among the sitters on view at Sunderland House.

By the way, Merle Oberon was seen at a famous restaurant the other day in an all-Russian outfit: grey Cossack tunic coat trimmed with grey lamb, and a tall, grey Russian cap, made partly of the same material as the coat and partly of grey lamb. On the side of the cap she had pinned a rather large brooch—a huge ruby flashed with diamond-studded scroll-work in platinum—this is *not* a Cossack touch!

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The Dowager Lady Swaythling, surely a most youthful-looking Dowager, must be one of our most-travelled peeresses. She is starting off on her travels again with Australia and New Zealand as her destination. Already she has friends in most corners of the globe, and among mementoes of her visits to foreign lands is a miniature lacquer dinner service, the gift of Princess Takematsu. Lady Swaythling lent it for exhibition in the show of Ceremonial Festival Dolls held at the Arlington Galleries about two years ago.

The United States and Canada, British Columbia, and Honolulu are among the places to which Lady Swaythling has already paid visits. Her daughter, Miss Joyce Montagu, is just as keen on seeing the world as her mother.

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Agnew's Exhibition of Amateur Art by All Ages, in aid of the Hedingham Training Camps, opened on Monday and includes some very interesting names indeed. Lady Marjorie Stirling sent in a very good nude in oils; Lady Gatti's contribution is the head of an old Italian woman; while Lord Desborough sent two oil paintings he did at the age of twelve at a prep. school, since when he has not touched a brush! Beverley Nichols's one and only poster, which he did while at Oxford for the *Outlook*, shows a man giving a flying kick to a lot of toy balloons on each of which is printed the name of one of the *Outlook's* famous contributors. Lady Petter shows a very charming and delicate water-colour, "Evening in the Baltic." MARIEGOLD.

The wedding of MISS BETTY GILLINGHAM, the daughter of the Rev. Frank Gillingham, the former Essex cricketer, to the REV. JOSEPH McCULLOCH, curate of St. John's, Westminster, took place at St. Margaret's Church, Blackheath.

The HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT, second son of Lord Ashcombe, of Chetwood Grange, Bucks, was married to SIBELL, elder daughter of Mr. Ronald and Lady Florence Norman, of Moor Place, Much Hadham, at St. Barnabas Church, Ranmore Common. The bride is a niece of Mr. Montagu Norman.

Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, was the church chosen for the wedding of MISS MONICA WHITLEY, daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, a former Speaker of the House of Commons, who is now Chairman of the B.B.C., to MR. CHRISTOPHER C. G. WOODS.

MISS BARBARA BELSHAM, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Belsham, of Hunstanton, Norfolk, whose engagement to Mr. George Edward Mordaunt Milner, elder son of the late Brig.-General George Milner and Mrs. Milner, of Littlefield, Sunningdale, was announced recently.

HERE AND THERE IN THE NEWS.

MR. BERNARD DARWIN, the new Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, played himself into office at St. Andrews last week. Here he is congratulating HUGH CHAMBERS, the caddie who retrieved his ball after the playing-in ceremony and received a golden sovereign. Mr. Darwin advised him to be sure and get the full market value for the gold piece!

The marriage of MISS MARGARET ILLINGWORTH, daughter of the Secretary of the Vine Hunt, to LIEUT. BRIAN ARCHIBALD, R.E., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Archibald, of Toronto, Canada, took place at Bramley, Basingstoke, last week. The bride, who is a regular follower of the Vine Hunt, is greeting her favourite pony, Manna, after the wedding.

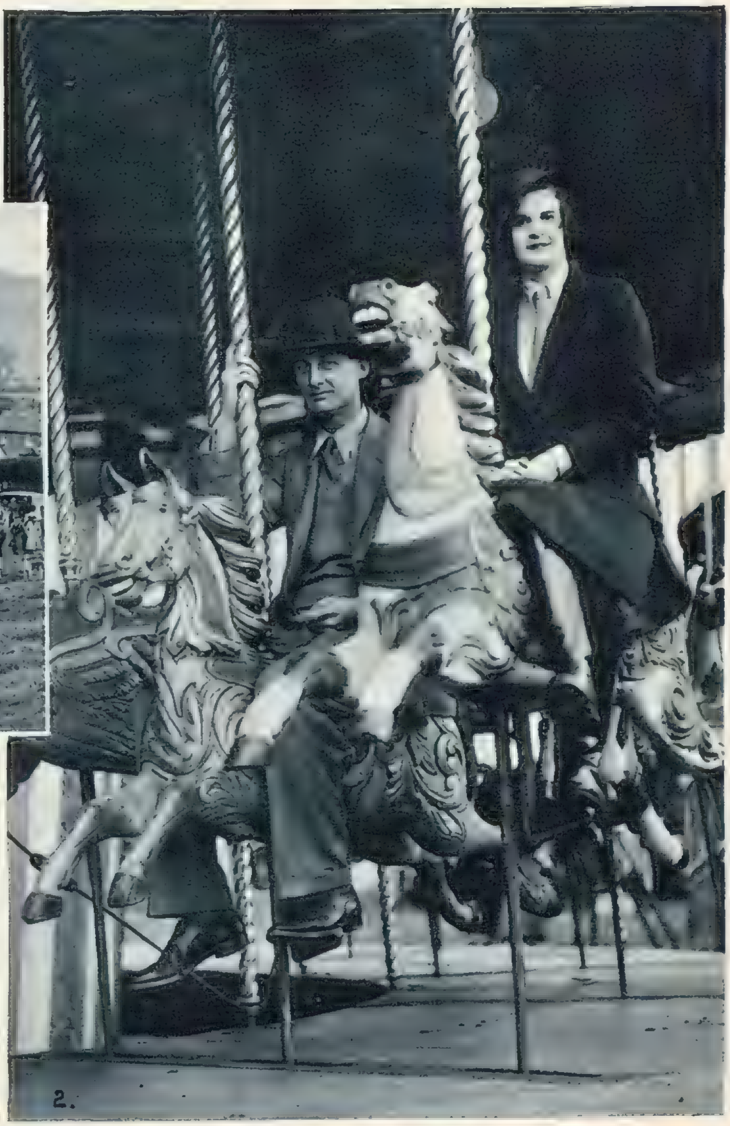
LADY MARGARET STEWART, second daughter of Lord Londonderry, Minister for Air, is a talented painter. She has lent a landscape to the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield. She showed landscapes and flower pieces at Londonderry House this year.

MISS MERIAL DALRYMPLE-WHITE, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White, is engaged to marry Mr. Charles Oppenheim, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Laurie Oppenheim, C.M.G., and Mrs. Oppenheim.

The final section of the Glasgow-Inverness road was opened by the Ministe. of Transport last week. He was presented with a silver skeandhu, and cut the ribbon of Cameron tartan stretched across the road, naming it Glenalbyn. Our group shows some of those present: (l. to r.) MAJOR MELLIS, MRS. STRAKER, BARONESS BURTON, with MASTER IAN LAWSON, THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, and CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

That most distinguished artist, Mr. P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O., who has painted so many portraits of royalty, is painting a portrait of PRINCESS MARINA, PRINCE GEORGE'S FIANCÉE. The royal couple are seen leaving Mr. de Laszlo's studio after a sitting; with PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE in the background. The usual enthusiastic crowd can be seen on either side of the picture.

ROUNDABOUT MOUNTS FOR MEMBERS OF THE PORTMAN HUNT.



1. *The Meet of the Portman Hunt on the Shroton Fair Ground, near Blandford, when, as usual, members visited the Fair after a morning's sport.*
2. *MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH and MR. CAMPBELL JOHNSTONE think that wooden horses make a nice change.*
3. *MISS B. BROCKLEBANK, sister of the Cambridge Blue, thinks her new "hunter" great.*
4. *MISS CICELY BOWER, daughter of Canon Bower (left), and MISS PAT KELLY. On the right is MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINS.*
5. *COLONEL and MRS. W. H. F. KELLY try a turn on the switchbacks with their daughter, MISS BETTY KELLY, and (behind them) MISS BETTY HUGHES-GIBB.*

AS THE JEW SÜSS OF THE SCREEN: CONRAD VEIDT CARICATURED.

CARICATURE BY SHERRIFFS.

Conrad Veidt, the great screen actor, has a magnificent part as "Jew Süss," in the film due at the Tivoli to-morrow, October, 4. This character, though hardly a sympathetic one, is admirably suited to Veidt's versatility. Süss, it will be remembered, was protected for a long time by the Duke Carl Alexander of Würtemberg, to whom he was financially useful; but was eventually dropped by that ruler, and ended his life on the scaffold after having been publicly exhibited in an iron cage.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE BEMBRIDGE (ISLE OF WIGHT) COUNCIL—FOR THEIR THOROUGHNESS IN TELLING THE WORLD THAT LOVE LANE IS A CUL-DE-SAC.

MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN launched a very substantial "ghost" ship recently—a reproduction of H.M.S. "Bounty," which won a place in naval history when she was the scene of a mutiny in April 1789. The severity of Lieut. William Bligh, then in command of her, caused the revolt, and the result of it was that he and eighteen loyal members of the crew were set adrift in an open boat. They reached Batavia safely. A number of the mutineers were arrested at Tahiti; but others migrated to Pitcairn Island and founded a small colony there. A good story for a film, and being used by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "The Mutiny on the 'Bounty.'"

MISS MERLE OBERON, who won fame by her performances as Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII.," and as Antonita in "The Private Life of Don Juan," is now playing Lady Blakeney for the London Film's production, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." She has been having a rest at Rottingdean, at the Tudor Close Hotel.

MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN—FOR HER RETROSPECTIVE LAUNCH OF THE "BOUNTY" OF 1789 MUTINY FAME.

MISS MERLE OBERON—FOR EXCHANGING TUDOR CLOTHES FOR TUDOR CLOSE FOR A REST AT ROTTINGDEAN.

THE MARCHIONESS OF READING is much interested in the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, for, apart from the pleasure she gains from seeing such exhibits as are there shown, she has the satisfaction of knowing that half the entrance-fee of 2s. goes to the Personal Service League, which does splendid work for the distressed areas.

SIGNOR SARGENTO, the sculptor, has an unusual one-man show at 9, Dering Street, Bond Street. He is exhibiting nothing but carved cats; but they are in many materials.

THE MARCHIONESS OF READING—FOR BEING INTERESTED IN AN IDOL ON A BY NO MEANS IDLE DAY.

SIGNOR GIOVANNI SARGENTO—FOR HOLDING A ONE-MAN ALL-CAT EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

"PORTRAIT OF BINNIE HALE."

"Yes, Madam?" which has just begun its run at the London Hippodrome, tells a gay story of how Sally (BINNIE HALE) becomes a domestic servant in order to secure a fortune. Bobby Howes (Bill Quinton) is a valet for the same reason; and the play revolves round these two admirable artists, well supported by a good cast. Unlike many musical shows, this one really has a plot.

A SCREEN QUARTETTE.

A scene from "THE SLUMP IS OVER," the new Continental film which has opened the autumn season at the Curzon Cinema. The two figures on the left are ALBERT PRÉJEAN, who will be remembered for his brilliant acting in "Sous les Toits de Paris," and DANIELLE DARRIEUX.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY as Pinneberg, with MARGARET SULLAVAN as Lammchen, in "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?", a screen version of Hans Fallada's "best-seller," now running at the Empire Theatre.

"MY SONG FOR YOU," at the New Gallery, stars EMLYN WILLIAMS, who takes the part of Mary's boy-friend; AILEEN MARSON as Mary; and JAN KIEPURA as Ricardo Gatti, a famous opera singer, whom Mary leads a pretty dance round Vienna.

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" is Columbia's new operatic production at the Carlton. GRACE MOORE, the New York Metropolitan Opera prima donna, is starred as an American girl who is trained for opera. TULLIO CARMINATI plays the part of her teacher. There is wit and delightful singing in the film.

PRIESTLEY'S "EDEN END" HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Stella Kirby (BEATRIX LEHMANN), who left Yorkshire to go on the stage, meets with but little success and makes up her mind to return home. In the meantime, she has married Charles Appleby (RALPH RICHARDSON), but is separated from him. Her sister, Lilian, has stayed with their father, Dr. Kirby, and hopes that Geoffrey Farrant, a well-to-do young man, will marry her. When Stella appears, however, Geoffrey, who has been attracted by her before, makes loves to her. This infuriates Lilian, who writes to Appleby to come home. When he appears, he proves to be an amiable man, though somewhat addicted to drink. Farrant leaves Stella alone, and he and her husband go off to a local hostelry and return somewhat the worse for alcohol. In the end, Stella and her husband make it up and go back to London together. The play, which is by J. B. Priestley, is at the Duchess Theatre.

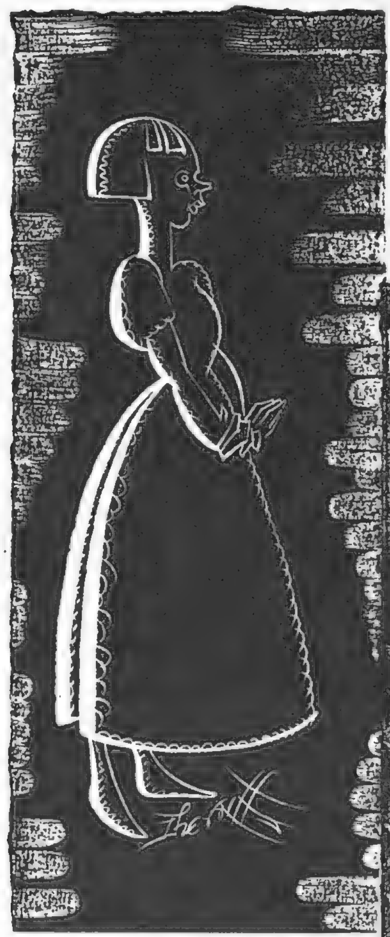
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANET JEVONS.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. LEON M. LION would call the nimble stuff that "NO MORE LADIES," at Wyndham's, is made of a *soufflé*. Whoop! it rises; flop! it sinks, for there is no story to worry about, merely a series of little marital ados about the vagaries of the flighty young husband; for the rest, nothing but types and dialogue. But the types are, if conventional, not unamusing for a time, and the dialogue, though evidently Anglicised from the American original by Mr. A. E. Thomas, has a vividness, a glamour, a directness (sometimes all too direct!) of its own, and many a caustic thing about marriage is said, especially by the sporting old grandmother, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in high glee and jinks, that is worth an afterthought. In short, if you want to laugh, lightly, loudly, slyly, according to temperament, here you have a real *régal*. But if you expect in the theatre more than fireworks (and little else), well, then you won't be in the right mind to enjoy "No More Ladies." The cast is truly top-hole; not a damper in the brilliant crowd headed by Miss Ann Todd, a delightfully young wife who abandons her cocktail and night-club proclivities for the conjugal experiment; and Mr. Arthur Margetson, a fascinating Casanova, up to date in mufti, who nearly wrecks his home life for a night's illusion.



"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER," at the Queen's: Dorry Ronsard (ALEXIS FRANCE), a niece. Nothing is so important as the picnic basket that Charles is obliging her by carrying.

Stephen Ronsard (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR.) tears his hair. Nothing will convince him of his wife's fidelity.

Gilbert Ronsard (CECIL PARKER), Stephen's big brother. Nothing matters very much to him except his mother, his Barbara, and his plays.

There is a similarity between "No More Ladies" and Miss Clemence Dane's new play, "MOONLIGHT IS SILVER," at the Queen's — both deal with the temporary marital disruptions of a young couple. But in the former the ballast makes the play, whereas Miss Dane handles it so lightly that it might as well go overboard. This conventional, dictatorial old mother, however well played by Miss Helen Haye; this playwright fiddling about for a plot, also a good performance by Mr. Cecil Parker; and a few others, are mostly in the way of the main action. But as the play goes on after a first act as slow as the notorious S.E.R. dawdlers of old, we become really interested in these two nice young people, Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jnr., whose little domestic craft, so well equipped with love and passion, nearly goes on the rocks because the husband, according to his own description, is weak, vacillating, never sure of himself in his actions, and literally devoured by jealousy. Thus he easily jumps at conclusions when he hears that his wife is threatened with a divorce action by the spouse of a friend and neighbour. Even when the case is abandoned, the jealousy of the young husband (Mr. Fairbanks) survives in tigerish fury and ferocity. He submits Miss Lawrence to such a gruelling third degree cross-examination that she, at length irritated beyond measure, confesses guilt and swoons. The scene is possible, and, although we have our doubts as to its verisimilitude to life, we take it for granted. It was certainly acted in overwhelming sincerity by Miss Lawrence and Mr. Fairbanks, whose début was a great success. In the last act comes the best scene, when Miss Martita Hunt tames the stormy young husband by her views on love, beautifully written, beautifully spoken by this gifted actress. It leads to reaction and the all-healing kiss of passionate reconciliation. Miss Lawrence was, of course, the axis of the play, most ably flanked by Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Barry Jones, whose gentle, everlasting love for his friend's wife was portrayed by him with a true, human touch. Miss Lawrence, more than ever, displayed her versatility. She was flaming with passion as the young married *amoureuse* in the first act; she was seething with indignation as her husband cross-examined her; she was the incarnation of clinging love in the final scene, which brought the house down in enthusiasm.

You must take Mr. P. G. Wodehouse at his own valuation. No high-brow he, but a jester, a *raconteur*, a dialogical juggler out for verbal quips and cranks, who revels in his own fun and would let all the world sing "I am happy!" In "WHO'S WHO?", in collaboration with Mr. Guy Bolton, he has provided the Duke of York's patrons with something that will tickle their palate. Tongue in cheek, he tells how a wicked nurse out for money professes that she exchanged a baby-Earl for her baby—a barber's son—and stoutly maintained the deception until the approaching law-suit as to who's who frightened her into a confession. "You see from here," as the French say, what is going to happen. The Cockney barber will be, *pro tem.*, an Earl, and trained up to standard by the noble family; the Earl will be a barber and lather and scrape his clients in the approved Palladium crazy-month manner. He will fall in love with the barber's sweetheart and, ere long, enrich our peerage with a bride of low pedigree and high principles. It is all very wild, casual, flibbertigibbet; cabby knows his fare, and the passengers are as willin' as the great Barkis to be amused. Clever people aid and abet this end. Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes a delightful *madame mère* of top-notch aristocracy; Mr. Peter Haddon plays the Earl with the abandon and *insouciance* of a noble scion; Mr. Ivor Barnard is the real barber. He is the live spark of the play, although Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, Mr. Sebastian Smith, and, of course, the fruity Mr. Morton Selten contribute their merry mites.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—"THE SHINING HOUR" (St. James's). 8.40.—"STREAMLINE" (Palace). 8.15. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (Globe). 8.30.—"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Adelphi). 8.30.—"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER" (Queen's). 830.—"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—"YES, MADAM?" (Hippodrome). 8.15.

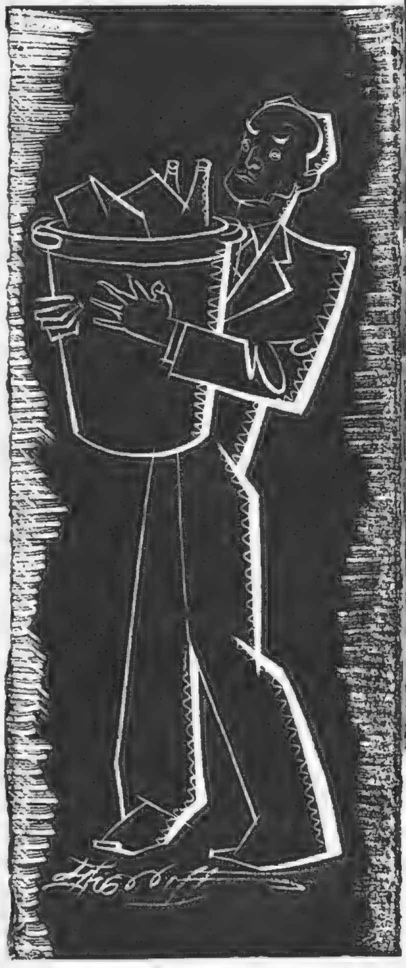
CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE vogue of the "musical," foretold at the beginning of the year, is at its height, and the pattern to which, for the moment, this type of picture must conform is firmly established. Operatic heroes and heroines are the order of the day. "MY SONG FOR YOU" (New Gallery), starring Jan Kiepura, falls into line. Maurice Elvey's polished production embraces a romantic chapter in the life of a famous opera singer who woos and naturally wins a nice little girl after the usual misunderstandings. The story culminates in the now-familiar tenor solo at the heroine's wedding—in this case so magnetic that the bride leaves her groom *planté là*, and falls into the singer's arms. This piece of fiction serves to introduce a number of songs for Mr. Kiepura, and that is about all. But Mr. Elvey has very wisely stressed the comedy note and left a wide margin for that admirable comedian Sonnie Hale, who, as the singer's distracted secretary, is an entertainment in himself. His improvised broadcast, in imitation of the truant tenor, is a comic gem. The director turns his star's splendid but amazingly robust voice to good account, pitching it at one time against traffic noises and the clamour of a vast crowd with fine effect. Mr. Kiepura comes out an easy winner, being, at all times, determined to make us realise the volume of his voice. Aileen Marson's charming heroine has a pretty sense of humour of her own. She and the rest of a clever company respond very readily to Mr. Elvey's light-hearted treatment of this well-staged medley of mirth and melody.

With Grace Moore's glorious voice still ringing in my ears in the aria from "Madame Butterfly," I am impelled to bring "ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" (Carlton) to your notice with all the enthusiasm at my command, for this romance of an opera singer—yes, another one—seems to me as nearly perfect as a vehicle for a singing star as can be, and Miss Moore adds to her vocal powers and charming personality the qualities of a fine actress—sincerity, poise, humour, and tenderness. She is, moreover, magnificently supported by Tullio Carminati, who, as her martinet Maestro, comes into his own again. The story, which abounds in comedy as well as melody, concerns the rise to fame of an operatic aspirant who finally rebels against the rigours of her life as prescribed by the Maestro, and, smarting under an imagined slight, breaks with him, to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House without his consent or guidance. Was ever such an entrance devised for a prima donna as that of the culminating scene in the opera house? The singer, a Trilby without her Svengali, paralysed with fear, almost incapable of movement, suddenly sees her Maestro in the prompter's box, and, transformed, radiant, rises to her greatest triumph. Miss Moore takes this great chance superbly, leaving us thrilled and moved. Victor Schertzinger, whose direction throughout is well-knit and resourceful, wisely ends his picture here, with the tumult of applause rising about the graceful figure on the stage and the eyes of the lovers dwelling on each other in mutual gratitude. A fine picture and grand entertainment from beginning to end.



Charles Lankaster (BARRY JONES), the Man from Next Door. Nothing he can do or say turns out for the best.

The reformation of a young man who preferred to live dangerously — *i.e.*, on the proceeds of unabashed swindling — until he looked into the eyes of his innocent child, is the theme of "NOW AND FOREVER" (Plaza). The title evidently refers to the much-tried devotion of the young man's wife, who sticks to him until his final and almost fatal "heroic gesture." The story travels from its starting-point in China through a variety of polished settings, to land up on the Riviera, and its protagonists, though often penniless, are always smart. Sentimental and novelettish, the picture is packed with personal charm—Gary Cooper's (a somewhat rueful rogue), Carole Lombard's (intelligent and decorative), and Shirley Temple's. The last-named, prettily competent as ever, obliges with a little song at her usual party to complete the full measure of popular appeal.

Josephine (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE), Stephen's wife. Nothing would induce her to be unfaithful to him.

Barbara Dawe (MARTITA HUNT), Gilbert's ally. Nothing pleases her more than the Ronsard affairs.

Hans Fallada's poignant novel, "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?" (Empire) has been brought to the screen by Frank Borzage with extreme sincerity and a simplicity that is in keeping with its theme. The story of the young couple — the wife delicately yet strongly played by Margaret Sullavan, the husband by Douglass Montgomery with much depth of feeling—is the story of Everyman, loving, laughing, beset by circumstance, often defeated, often afraid. How they sink from depth to depth of poverty, the boy scorning the comparative comfort of his stepmother's very questionable home and losing job after job through no fault of his own; the girl always keeping her unshakable faith in him and the future of their unborn child, is shown in graphic, if somewhat episodic, incidents, each of which tells. Emotionally, the film is a trifle strenuous, but the acting of the two young people is so natural, and at times so touching, that it nearly always steers clear of sentimentality, leaving an impression of something known as well as seen and heard.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" (Carlton).—"NELL GWYN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"BLOSSOM TIME" (Regal).—"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Marble Arch Pavilion). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "MY SONG FOR YOU" (New Gallery).—"NOW AND FOREVER" (Plaza).—"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?" (Empire).—"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" (London Pavilion).—"DR. MABUSE" (Academy).—"THE SLUMP IS OVER" (Curzon). **A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "STINGAREE" (Rialto).

"THE MERRY WIDOW" SCREENED — AND "GHOSTED."

To our "shots" of MAURICE CHEVALIER and JEANETTE MACDONALD as Prince Danilo and Sonia in the screen version of "The Merry Widow," we have added "ghost" pictures of LILY ELSIE and JOSEPH COYNE as they appeared in the same parts in the stage version in 1907. "The Merry Widow" film is now in course of production by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and should be a great success with these two favourites playing the principals.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING

EDNA BEST AS THE DRUG ADDICT IN "MURDER IN MAYFAIR."

In "Murder in Mayfair," Ivor Novello's latest play, now running at the Globe Theatre, EDNA BEST plays the part of Auriol Crannock, who is not only a drug addict herself, but does her best to demoralise everybody with whom she comes into contact. It is a character admirably portrayed by Miss Best.

MISS ("TOUCH WOOD") DODIE SMITH AND "THE BARRETTS"—OF ESSEX.

Lately, there has been a distinct movement amongst distinguished people to choose the Eastern Counties, especially Essex and Suffolk, for their country residences. MISS DODIE SMITH followed this trend when she chose the former county for her home. She has had two workmen's cottages 350 years old converted into a modern residence—"The Barretts"—with all the picturesqueness of their original state and none of their inconveniences.

Miss Dodie Smith putting up a witch ball in her garden. It came from the Tyrol, where the peasants set them up on sticks to ward off the evil eye.

Miss Dodie Smith tries her hand at "diamonding" at her old cottage, under the supervision of the local thatcher.

Miss Dodie Smith at her study desk We hope these charming surroundings will inspire her to write another of her very successful plays.

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SHIRLEY IN HER OWN DRESSING-ROOM AND PLAY-HOUSE.

Shirley Temple is nothing if not versatile, and she is here seen tinkering with her tricycle. She is appearing in "Now and Forever," at the Plaza, with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard.

(Left) SHIRLEY TEMPLE, Fox Film starlet, bids you welcome to her play-house in the garden of her Santa Monica home.

"Will you take a walk with me?" says Shirley Temple as she wheels Raggedy Ann about the grounds surrounding her play-house.

(Right) Shirley Temple in working outfit attends to the irrigation of her play-house garden.

Just resting between scenes; that's Shirley Temple, who is the proud possessor of a dressing-room equipped, as befits a five-year-old, with gingham covers.

The eternal feminine! Finding a stage make-up table unoccupied, Shirley Temple decides to beautify herself; but the camera-man came along just then and caught her red-lipped.

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

MONDAY, Sept. 24. Here we are once again at the beginning of Medal Week. The draw is out and contains eighty-one couples, including many illustrious names in the world of golf. Already the Club wears an atmosphere of bustle and purpose; the big room is crowded, and shows a number of well-known faces, whose owners were not present at either the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase or Calcutta Cup tournaments. Long before you read these notes, you will have learned all about their doings on Medal Day. In any case, my observations are not concerned with this aspect of our festivities, but rather with one that proves the continuity of our traditions and customs, that, in spite of the inevitable changes of passing years, change not at all. To me the subject seemed of more than usual interest, and I hope it may prove equally so to many of my readers.

The HON. MRS. WALTER BURRELL, daughter of Lord Denman, on the links at North Berwick with MRS. McCORQUODALE, whose husband is M.P. for Sowerby, Yorkshire.

Allan Robertson's Scrap-Book.

On one of our recent wet days, I was delving dustily among the old books here, out of which our library is gradually being built up. We were looking for a certain volume recently presented, when an old scrapbook appeared, bound in the leather and marbled boards of bygone years. It was entitled " Golf Album," and, on looking inside, the first thing I saw was an old coat of arms dated 1792. At the bottom of it was the following explanatory " caption "—I crave pardon for the Irishism: " Robertson of Strowan Carries Gules; three Wolves' heads Eraz'd, Argent; Armed and langued Azure; Crest: a Dexter hand holding up an Imperial Crown proper. Motto: Virtutis Gloria Merces. Under the Escutcheon a Wild Man lying Chained." Then, on the fly-leaf, were two coloured prints showing Highlanders in the kilts and plaids of Clan Robertson. I was still a little in the dark till, on the next page, in spidery writing, were the following words: " Allan Robertson, Links, St. Andrews, May 1854 "; and alongside them a photograph of the giant Allan himself and his whiskers, with an example of his craft in each hand—thick handled, slim-shafted, long-headed drivers, such as now rest in our collection.

A three-ball match: MISS ROSEMARY KIRK, LORD WALERAN, a new-comer to North Berwick, and MRS. EUSTACE STOREY, who was married last year to the British Golf International.

Thirty-Seven Years of Club History. Turning over the pages—there were exactly one hundred of them—with growing interest, I found that the great golfer and club-maker had compiled (and someone had continued his work for eleven years after his death) what was chiefly the story of the Royal and Ancient meetings and doings, made up of cuttings from journals and papers such as *Chambers' Journal*, the *Fife Herald*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Bell's Life*, the *Spectator*, etc., extending over thirty-seven years. In addition to Royal and Ancient activities, there were cuttings about the Prestwick Club, the Caledonian Union Club at Carnoustie, and the great matches Allan Robertson and old Tom Morris had against their celebrated adversaries, the brothers Dunn; with golfing songs, many of them long forgotten, and some really interesting facts on the change from the feather to the gutta ball. Extracts from these I will give from time to time; but firstly, to prove my opening contention, here is a description of Medal Day in 1851:

October 1851. " The autumn meeting of this celebrated club has just closed, and in no respect has it been behind its predecessors of former years. On the Competition day a heavy gale of wind blew from the south-west, which had the effect of rendering the play more difficult and caused a greater number of strokes to be taken for the round than otherwise would have been. The members met in Mr. Hastie's Cross Keys Hotel at ten o'clock, and shortly before eleven o'clock they marched to the Links preceded by our Instrumental Band and Town Officers bearing the silver clubs and balls. The firing of the big gun was the signal of their arrival. So soon as the necessary preliminaries were got arranged, 56 Gentlemen went round the Links competing for the honours, being four more than last year." Here followed a list of " those present," among them being " Viscount Duplin; Lord Colville; Sir H. H. Campbell, Bart.; Sir John Mackenzie, Bart; Sir Thomas Moncrieff, Bart; Sir David Baird, Bart; . . . J. O. Fairlie, Esq. (late Captain), Mr. George Melville (Captain) "—actually Captain and Captain-elect—" John White-Melville, Esq.; Mr. George Glennie, Mr. Alexander Grace; Mr. George Condie; O'Brien Peter, Esq.; Robert Hay, Esq. On the scores being counted, the royal medal was found to be gained by O'Brien Peter, Esq. at 105; the Club gold medal by Robert Hay, Esq. at 110."

The Dinner. " About 40 of the members of the Club dined in Mr. Hastie's on Wednesday evening—J. O. Fairlie, Esq., in the Chair; Stuart Grace, Esq., Croupier. On removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to. The Chairman then called for a bumper, and in a neat speech introduced Mr. George Melville as the Captain of the Club for the ensuing year; and in doing so Mr. Fairlie took from his own neck the gold medal, placed it round the neck of his successor, and then vacated the Chair, which was immediately taken possession of by the New Captain, amid the plaudits of all present, and his health drunk with all the honours." We no longer march from Mr. Hastie's Cross Keys, led by the " Town Officers bearing the silver clubs and balls "; but the big gun is fired when the new Captain drives off, and we dine together at the end of the day, and this year Sir Ernley Blackwell and Mr. Bernard Darwin observed the same ritual that Mr. J. O. Fairlie and Mr. George Melville performed eighty-three years ago. Surely golf in such circumstances is enough to have made the poet sing—

" Ho! break your yearly routine, friend, and breathe a change of air, Resort ye to St. Andrews Links and roam in rapture there "?

LADY DORIS GUNSTON on the links with her husband, CAPTAIN CECIL GUNSTON, M.C. Lady Doris is a daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

I DO not know whether savages all have the same sense of humour, but it is notorious that members of civilised communities differ enormously in their notions of what constitutes a joke. The difference usually corresponds to a fundamental incompatibility of temperament: people who do not find the same things funny rarely see eye to eye in other ways. There is probably no single anecdote in the world that could be counted on to raise a laugh from everyone who heard it. But if there was, it would probably be connected with somebody being made to look silly—an April Fool, for instance. Once his schooldays are over, a man becomes almost exempt from public ridicule. His friends wait till he has left their presence before they give way to mirth at his expense. But the cruelty which is akin to laughter still survives, even if its expression is taboo in polite society, and the stage, the screen, and the novel allow us to indulge it to our hearts' content.

"A Handful of Dust." Among contemporary humorists, none is more successful than Mr. Evelyn Waugh, and never has his talent burnt brighter than it does in "A Handful of Dust." From its light, frivolous opening to its fantastic, frantic close, it sparkles, it effervesces with humour. I don't see how anyone could deny that, any more than they could deny the excellence of the writing, so crisp, felicitous, and sure-footed, or the strength and subtlety of the characterisation. (Lady Brenda Last's fall from a state of comparative grace to abysmal selfishness seems a trifle vertiginous, even granting her infatuation for the undistinguished Beaver. Mr. Waugh is often guilty of exaggeration, though seldom of distortion.) One cannot but be dazzled by the speed of the narrative, the ingenuity of its twists and turns; one cannot help marvelling at the way the author plays on one's nerves, gradually quickening his rhythmic beat until one feels that a dozen tom-toms (all of the latest pattern, and supplied by Mrs. Beaver) are sounding in one's head. One cannot trace the precise moment at which the story, which has hitherto taken place in flats and country houses, at fashionable parties and on the hunting-field, suddenly loses touch with the security, if not the sanctity, of social life, and plunges headlong into nightmare. But the change of mood and spirit is as effective as it would be in a symphony or a sonata, and proclaims Mr. Waugh an artist, as well as a novelist, of high rank. Many of his contemporaries have succeeded in portraying the aimlessness and futility of the age in which we live, but have found it too chaotic to satirise. Mr. Waugh has imposed order on this chaos; he has pinned down Proteus to one representative shape and proceeded to lash him freely.

Satire is always cruel, and seems crueller when (as in "A Handful of Dust") it is mixed with sympathy. Mr. Waugh is not heartless, or he would not be so sensitively aware of the heartlessness of others. Dickens could not have exploited more fully the pathos of little John's death, though he would have gone a different way about it. And he obviously likes, and (to use one of his character's favourite expressions) "sees the point of" poor Tony Last. But he pursues him with a vindictive malice worthy of Destiny in a novel by Thomas Hardy. More than that, he extracts from each misfortune that overtakes the wretched man the maximum amount of amusement, so that the reader continually finds himself roaring with laughter over what is really a matter for tears. It seems as though the author's sensitiveness, outraged and sickened by the callousness of Lady Brenda and her set, were deliberately revenging itself in an orgy of cruelty. However, I must not lay too much stress on this point, or pretend that I was more shocked than diverted by the paradoxical eccentricities of Mr. Waugh's comic muse. But I do enjoy his humour most when it discriminates, when it abandons poor, suffering Tony and fastens on a real figure of fun, like Princess Abdul Akbar.

"The Thibaults" Again. In the second instalment of "The Thibaults," the central figure is now Antoine, M. Thibault's elder son: we hear comparatively little of Jacques, the hero of the earlier volume. Antoine has become a fully-fledged doctor. He is also a fully-fledged lover, and the book is designed to illustrate his behaviour in both capacities. He is a more normal, straightforward, and, on the whole, less interesting character than Jacques, and, though M. Martin du Gard lavishes on him all the resources of his realistic imagination, he never fascinates us as his brother did. Indeed, I got a little tired both of the medical and the amatory aspects of his career. Both are described with great ability and in the utmost detail, but there is nothing specially fresh or striking about them, and the insistence on erotic and pathological symptoms becomes slightly nauseating. I need hardly say that the book abounds in talent; you could not have a more vivid picture of Paris in the pre-war years, or a stronger impression of energy and development, of tireless, self-confident youth feeling its powers and spreading its wings. Even M. Thibault, reserved, austere, repressive, conscious of his dignity and jealous of his parental authority, must have been satisfied with Antoine's progress. Jacques, too, distinguishes himself in the schools. He has emerged from the cloud of unhappiness and disgrace which enveloped him as a child. But he is not completely grown up: he is full of secrecy and mystery and self-contradiction. He adores his brother, but disapproves of his attitude to women; he is half in love with Mlle. de Fontanin, but their one romantic meeting ends in unhappiness. One hopes to see more of him in the next instalment, for it is he—or, rather, the author's conception of him—that gives this saga of French middle-class life its touch of genius.

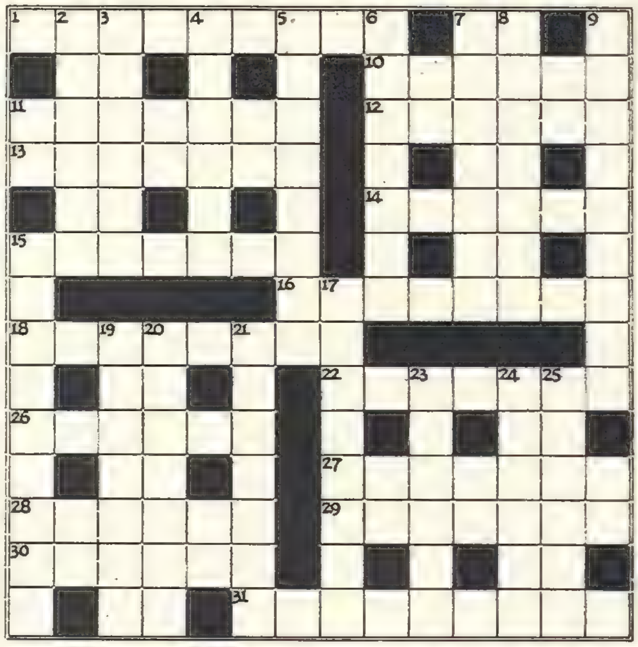
BOOKS REVIEWED.

A Handful of Dust. By Evelyn Waugh. (*Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.*)
The Thibaults. By Roger Martin du Gard. (*The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.*)

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. When you come to undress you 'll have finished with her, yet that 's just when you 'll have work for her.
10. Fish which shows its probable destination in the latter end.
11. You *could* start one with a ram, but you must use a different animal here, foolish as it may seem.
12. Straight in front of you; and, since there 's nothing in front of it, it can be drawn back.
13. He absorbs information, but it doesn't make him fatter about the middle.
14. This is where at least one marriage has been made. The wheels of matrimony ought to run smoothly!
15. "Picture" hat, western vogue. No alteration required, young fellah, as the author says to the printer!
16. Soft actions, garowing in the water.
18. A first one might be let off, but after starting off it doesn't seem to be a beginner.
22. Ask for support—a bit too much for a ship to carry.
26. 'Arry says it 's what the bird sits on, but it 's really the young man who realised the importance of being himself.
27. Sea-questered.
28. Draws up level owing to a signal disaster.
29. One kind of hiding, unaccompanied by veeping.
30. Take amiss. Yes, but would you when it 's in a P.S.?
31. Jack Ketch in modern dress (not obvious, of course!).



DOWN.

2. It 's as bent as bent can be, but not there, of course.
3. Shows how dangerous it is to have fun with the sea.
4. They are charged in the morning, but not if you are dravelling by drain.
5. Not an exit for delight.
6. Might be somebody's second, and tells a touching story.
7. This gives you more than one chance of seeing Wild Wales, but it 's really what you mean by "wild and woolly."
8. Headgear for uneasy heads. If you start at the bottom, you 'll need help before you get to the top.
9. Rights, though they might be robes of state by doubling the third letter.
15. When you 're all at sea, this is the way to go to gain the reward.
17. You might expect to make a bee-line to get to the end, but according to these records you don't!
19. And if you think the end looks fishy, remember this isn't the English language!
20. Came out to show the wrong way to take an extended degree.
21. Dislikes resulting in de departure of de ashes.
23. The end of a game not invented by its reverse.
24. Closely connected, but delayed by following its tail.
25. A position which can be worked out by taking the secant.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Oct. 8, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG**—

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Miss Betty Browning, the very charming and talented young actress, is photographed on the right in a shallow doeskin hat which shades one eye but rightly hides little of her lovely hair.

It was designed by Alex Lord, who is seen below wearing one of her own Leathercraft suits in olive green suède, with a blouse gaily checked in saffron and moorland shades. Perfectly tailored, it cannot lose its shape, and it is a light but sure shield against every vagary of the weather.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

THROUGH THE GLASS OF FASHION ONLY *Lastex* YARN MAKES POSSIBLE THE PERFECT MOULD OF FORM . . .

Women everywhere have welcomed the Miracle Yarn. In foundation garments it brings figure moulding without discomfort, control without constriction, elegance with ease! And garments made with Lastex Yarn do not "ride up." Lastex Yarn takes every type of figure in its s-t-r-e-t-c-h—holds without hindrance, and never loses elasticity however often washed or laundered.

Here depicted are: (1) "SENSATION" "Steps" Belt, Price 32/6—the most popular of the "Sensation" range. (2) "SENSATION" "Eve B.," Price 73/6, an aristocrat among corselettes. Made in all sizes. (3) "Pouffe B.," Price 12/6, for small average figures, for sports or evening wear.

A selection of the large range of foundation garments made with Lastex Yarn by Kops Bros. (Gt. Britain) Ltd., 51 Mortimer Street, London, W.1, and obtainable from all the leading stores.

The miracle yarn is being more widely used every day. Now you can buy all these garments embodying its priceless virtues:—Foundation Garments, Brassieres, Cami-Knickers, Vests and Panties, Hosiery, Millinery, Woven Outerwear, Knitted Outerwear, Pullovers, Slumber Helmets, Golf Hose, Surgical Hosiery, etc.

Look for this Label, it is a guarantee of satisfaction.

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U.K. PATENTS 370761, 380368 & OTHERS

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NAME..

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S. 10/3

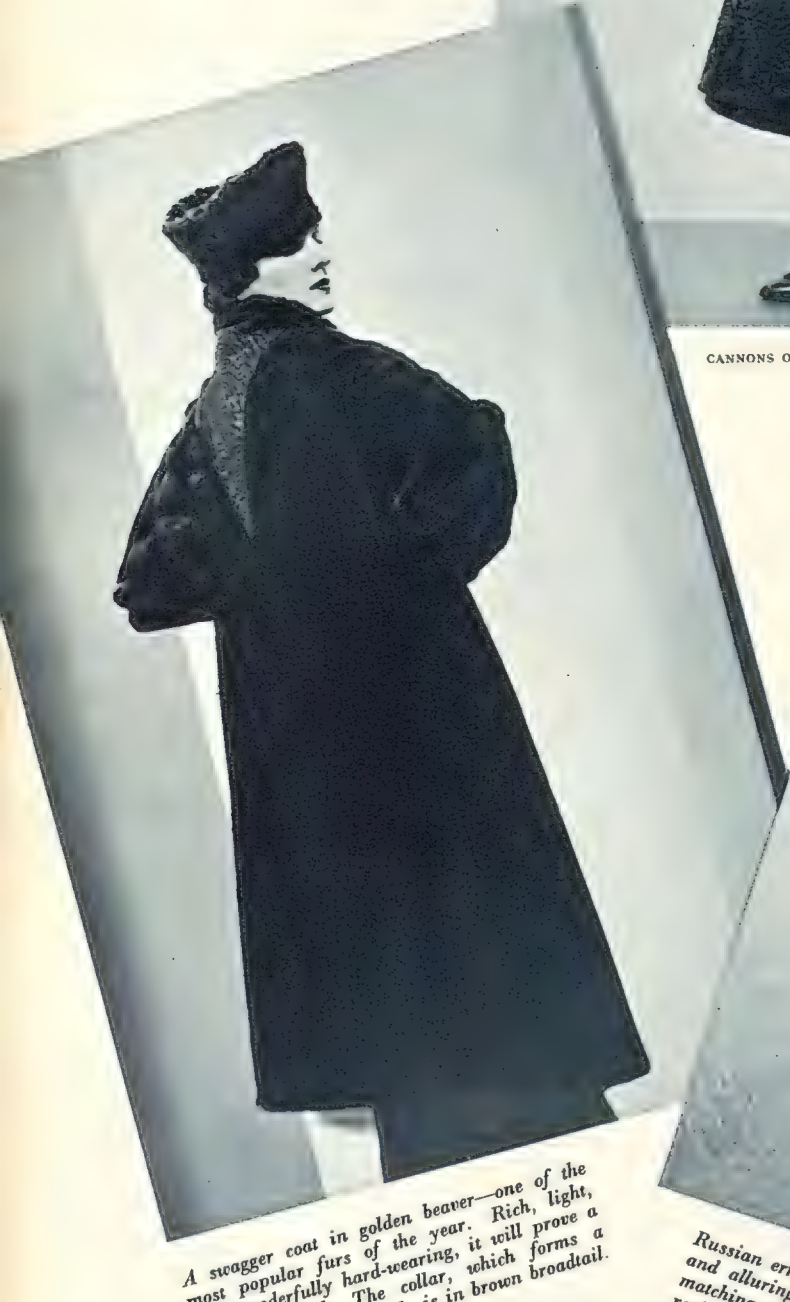
LASTEX YARN & LACTRON THREAD LIMITED. 55/57 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1

—FURS—

LUXURIOUS DEBONAIR SUPERB!!!

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

On the left is a coat of Indian broadtail in a beautiful bronze shade, with which the silver fox skins tone perfectly. The actual coat collar falls back in a point, and the rounded front emphasises the dramatic flare of the hem and the moulded slenderness of the waist.



A swagger coat in golden beaver—one of the most popular furs of the year. Rich, light, and wonderfully hard-wearing, it will prove a faithful friend. The collar, which forms a pointed yoke at the back, is in brown broadtail.

Russian ermine, dyed in a blue that is deep and soft and alluring, is used for this superb coat, with its matching collar of stranded fox, and its cleverly draped raglan sleeve. With the other models on this page it comes from Revillon Frères, of Regent Street. W.

TWO IMPORTANT NEWCOMERS

THE SHAWL COAT

AND

CELLOPHANE FROCKS

A black cellophane jumper suit is seen at the head of this page. It is black, and it gleams subtly, as though conscious of its own charm and the fact that it is one of the newest fabrics. The tiny collar and cuffs are of silk piqué in a fancy weave, and they are tied with tendrils which end in ivy leaves, little scarlet berries decorating the bar fastenings down the front.

Here is Jodelle's black duvetyn dress with its shawl coat bordered with black shorn lamb. A grand idea for chilly days, for the hands can be tucked away inside it as though it were a muff! The frock has a bow drapery in satin striped taffeta, and the large buttons are of carved prystal. Both models come from Barri, of 33, New Bond Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IT'S not a bit of use wishing you were dead. The rises in gilt-edged stocks have destroyed whatever little temptation that there might have been to shuffle off this mortal coil."

"But the income-tax and the sur-tax; the motor-tax and all the other pin-pricks——"

"Pin-pricks? Tin-tax, you should say. But when you've gone, think of the Death Duties and Succession Duties you'll be called upon to pay."

"I shan't—at least, so far as I know."

"You won't, of course. But your legatees will. What's the use of trying to put by a little money? You know that the bulk of it will be taken, after your flight to a higher sphere, for payment of Civil Servants' salaries, dole-money, and other essential services."

"Then you don't advise hara-kiri as a business proposition?"

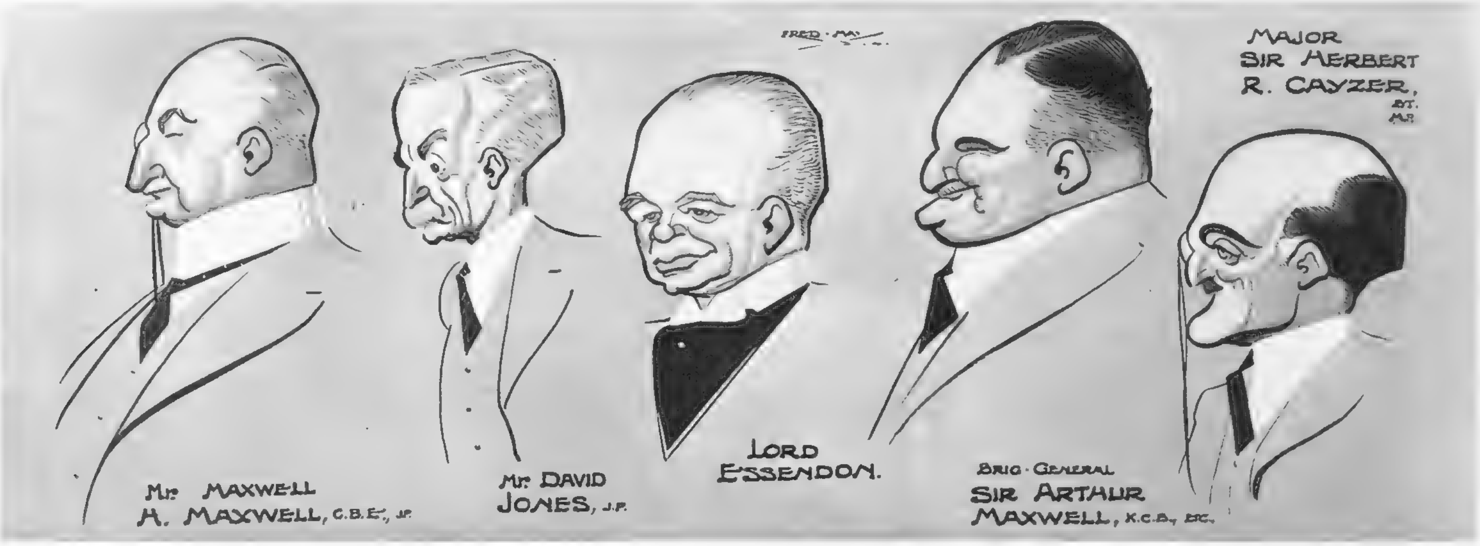
"Speaking as a stockbroker, I say there's nothing in it. It is far better to hang on to your present miserable existence than by a rope in your garage. There is, at all events, the hope of prices going down, and your executors having to pay less when they take out probate."

"I hadn't thought of it in that light. Bit murky, don't you think? Not to say morbid?"

"You do what you like, of course. I'm simply speaking as your financial adviser."

"We might get a Labour Government; Capital Levy, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"My dear old son, haven't we a pretty hot Capital Levy now, only nobody calls it that? These taxes and duties—what are they, I'd like



A leaf from Fred May's log-book gives us some SHIPPING DIRECTORS. MR. MAXWELL H. MAXWELL is a director of the Cunard Line, which had a red-letter day last week thanks to the launch of the "Queen Mary."——MR. DAVID JONES is a director of the Elder Dempster lines.——LORD ESSENDON is an outstanding figure in shipping and a director of several steamship lines, including the Furness Withy (chairman), the Johnston Line (chairman), and the Cairns Noble.——GENERAL SIR ARTHUR MAXWELL is a director of the Nelson Line and the African Steamship Company.——MAJOR SIR HERBERT CAYZER, BT., is a director of the Houston Line, the Clan Line, and several others.

to know, if they're not a Capital Levy? And a very heavy one, into the bargain."

"The Socialists got in with a biggish majority last November, you know."

"And who has been one penny the worse off as a result?"

"But a Socialist Government would mean an all-round slump in prices?"

"That's likely enough. Everything would come down; but, again, nobody would be any the worse off, except the Inland Revenue."

Our Stroller rose and stretched his arms lazily. "Sometimes I feel," said he, "as if I'd like to sell all I have and to put the money on deposit."

"Lots of people have been talking like that for months past," replied his broker, "their one obsession being to keep capital intact. And look what you would have lost if you had done it at the beginning of this year, say."

"British Government stocks are standing at record prices. For recent years, I mean," added another broker.

"Don't you think it would be safer to sell?" Our Stroller asked him.

"'Safer to sell'?" re-echoed the other. "Maybe. I certainly think you'll see them higher first. So why worry?"

"This isn't the time to sell anything. Just look at the profits the motor trade is making. That's only one branch of industry—— Here!—"

"That particular branch nearly had one or two of your limbs, my lad."

The incensed broker was too busy cursing the lorry-driver for him to appreciate the mild jest, and—

"Why are motor companies making these profits?" said Our Stroller. "Is everyone buying a new car? And if so, why?"

They were mounting the steps of the main entrance to the Stock Exchange, and he nearly tripped over a surreptitious snapper-up of unconsidered cigarette-ends. The tobacco-merchant fell back like Nickels in a Yankee reaction.

Our Stroller lost direction, and wandered into the new washing-room, whose lordly appointments were thought, at one time, to jeopardise the interim dividend, due next month, on Stock Exchange shares.

(In point of fact, it will make no difference, so well has the House done, as a profit-earner for its proprietors, during the past six months.)

"One very good reason for closing the Stock Exchange on Saturdays," a young member remarked, tossing a towel into the basket, "is that we should use less water."

"And more beer. Which would be good for you if you are a holder of brewery shares."

"Hotels should do well for a year or two. There's the Royal Wedding; then Christmas; then the King's Silver Jubilee next year."

"What has Christmas to do with it?"

"Only that every Christmas there seem to be more and more people who entertain in hotels. And the Stock Exchange profits that a good many folks have made will be quite sufficient excuse to justify mild extravagance this Christmas."

"The profits may have melted by that time. Or become frozen."

"Pooh! Much more likely to become swollen, with markets as they are to-day. Besides, must one always go peering about with a storm-lamp to find excuses for circulating the currency?"

"I've noticed," moralised a broker, "that there are generally good reasons to be found for buying anything that one wants."

"You refer particularly to Kaffirs or to motor shares?"

"If you want my candid opinion——"

"Doesn't matter," said a jobber. "Sugar-candied would be equally sweet if it came from you."

"Sell you a thou. What I meant to say, when you barged in, was that you could buy almost anything in markets like these, and hope to make a profit."

"I'm too old to be a bull of Hope. You get fed up, and you sell just before the rise."

"Then you should order your ascension-robe in advance."

"Give money for the call rather than buy the shares outright?"

"Options always seem to me so expensive," protested Our Stroller. "I never seem to do any good with them."

"Maybe you choose the wrong shares."

"I don't think it's that so much, as sheer bad luck. As a rule, I go for the good things, but they don't move enough to give me a profit."

"Then it must be bad luck, as you suggest. What you have to pick is something that jerks about—up, and down too, if possible. Watch."

They skirted the Option Market, and the broker drew his client's attention to the way in which the option-dealers were being approached, every other second, for three months' quotations for calls.

"That shows you," said he, "the interest that people are taking in options just now."

"What are the favourite shares for option-dealing?"

"Anything that's moving in price. Doesn't matter what. From Old Consols to the latest Australian. Isn't that so?" he asked.

"Correct as ever, Sir. You can throw in West Africans and Indians as well. Look what I've done to-day, so far"; and he ran his finger down three pages of his book.

"You all seem tolerably bullish in here," Our Stroller commented. "I hope you won't be disappointed between now and—what shall we say—Christmas?"

"There's not much fear of that, but I'll let you into a little secret."

"Awfully decent of you, I'm sure."

"Yes, isn't it? You may think the tip worth following."

"It sounds highly mysterious."

"Ah, but it's very good. I've had not too bad a half-year. I may get caught before Christmas. *Ergo*, I shall begin buying Christmas presents now, by way of insurance. Doesn't that strike you as a useful bit of foresight?"

"To buy Christmas presents now? Why, you may be dead months before then."

"Don't you believe it, you Potted Pessimist! My plan gives you time, gives you opportunities, gives you—what else?"

"Who, me? Oh, heaps of things, thanks very much. . . ."

And later on, repeating the idea to his wife in the expectation of her agreement with his ridicule of it, Our Stroller found that she received it with high favour.

"I fear," he disconsolately soliloquised, "that she thinks I am going to give her something more than the annual Savings Certificate. Wish now that I'd kept my mouth shut! But if I don't get a new hat out of this——! Before Christmas, too," he added after-thoughtfully.

Friday, Sept. 28, 1934.

WORLD'S FASTEST LAND SPEED

WORLD'S FASTEST AIR RACE

WORLD'S FASTEST 'BABY' CAR

BRITAIN'S FASTEST TRACK RACE

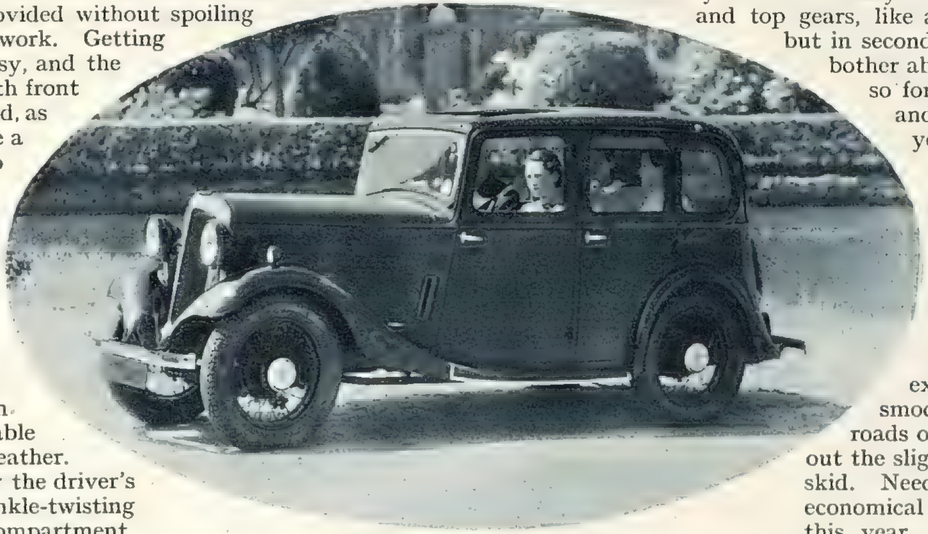
BRITAIN'S FASTEST ROAD RACE

Pratts Ethyl is the finest and purest petrol procurable, *supercharged* with the original red Ethyl fluid which makes it the fastest petrol on earth—and best on hills. The fastest petrol must be the best, because it obviously gets the best results out of the engine, yet Pratts Ethyl now costs no more than ordinary petrol.

PRATTS ETHYL

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

It is not often that I find myself enthusing over a baby car, or, at any rate, over one of the very small and inexpensive variety; yet I find myself completely carried away by the charm of the Standard "Nine" four-door saloon. It is not, I suppose, quite accurate to call this a "baby," for it has a fairly long wheelbase, and the design of the body is such that an astonishing amount of room is provided without spoiling the fine lines of the coachwork. Getting into the back seat is so easy, and the amount of leg-room for both front and rear passengers is so good, as to put the designers of quite a number of full-sized cars to shame. Everything about the coachwork is so sensible. The driver, thanks to the sensibly-placed brake-lever between the front seats and the gear-lever being put well forward, can enter or leave his seat easily by either door. The windscreen opens fully—an invaluable feature, this, in foggy weather. There is plenty of room for the driver's left foot, and there are no ankle-twisting floor-wells in the rear compartment. The sliding roof slides without jamming and is self-locking in any position, and the instruments on the attractively designed facia-board comprise all those that are really needed, except a clock. But then, I suppose most people wear a wrist-watch, so that this does not matter very much.



The new 1935 STANDARD "NINE" FOUR-DOOR SALOON combines remarkable qualities of comfort, speed, and general reliability.

The engine is a four-cylinder side-valve job, mounted in such a way that the last trace of vibration is completely damped out. Indeed, it would take an expert motorist to say, without lifting the bonnet, whether it concealed a four- or a six-cylinder power-unit. The engine, which is particularly quiet-running, is a really good slogger, although it will "rev" with the best of them when required. It is the sort of car on which an enthusiast will change down on hills, getting his 40 m.p.h. on third, and on which the "Father of Ten" sort of driver can keep going steadily in top gear, up long gradients, without any sign of protest from the hard-worked innards of the engine. As a matter of fact, there is no excuse whatever for not easing matters by changing down, for the four-speed gear has synchromesh easy change, not only in third and top gears, like a great many modern cars, but in second gear as well. There is no bother about double-declutching and so forth; you just grab the knob and push the lever wherever you want it to go.

The Standard "Nine" is an extraordinarily safe car; it holds the road on bad surfaces in a manner that would do credit to a much larger and more expensive vehicle. The brakes, which are very light in application, are extremely powerful and smooth-acting, and even on wet roads one can corner at speed without the slightest fear of an unexpected skid. Needless to say, the car is most economical to run. With a £9 tax this year, which will be reduced to £6 15s. on Jan. 1 next, it will do 30 to 35 miles to the gallon, even when driven hard with a full load. On the car which I tried, no appreciable amount of oil was used in the course of several hundred miles' running.

It is not often that one finds quite a small car as well sprung as this: whether one is driving alone, or with a full complement of passengers, does not seem to make any appreciable difference to the excellent riding qualities of the car. The driving position, too, is easy and natural, so that one feels that one could cover a long distance in a day without fatigue. The low build of the car, due

[Continued overleaf.

Ermine...

Fine quality deeply furred skins . . . illustrations from the new brochure of photographic studies, "Furs of Authority"

...by Debenhams

Posed by Miss Jeanne Stuart.

Shoulder Cape in White Ermine 29 gns.
Also in dyed Squirrel worked as Ermine from 19½ gns.

Exceptional value. A White Ermine Fur Coat with cape collar, worked from fine quality deeply furred skins - - - 98 gns.
Also in Seal dyed Musquash - 79 gns.

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HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

London's Foremost Fashion Specialists

YOU CAN SAVE as much as 60 guineas by choosing a mink coat at Harvey Nichols during the week of October 8th. Savings on silver foxes are shown below!

SILVER FOXES

Usually		*Special Price*
12 gns.	-	**8 gns.**
15 gns.	-	**10 gns.**
20 gns.	-	**15 gns.**
29 gns.	-	**20 gns.**

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Sports shirt Classics

They're right, these 'Viyella' shirts. Beautifully tailored; becoming: comfortable. And they'll wash and wash, and still keep that new, crisp freshness.

B887 'VIYELLA' 36"
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'VIYELLA' Regd.

Yes, it washes:
No, it never shrinks!

DAY & NIGHT WEAR
A VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCT

WM. HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM and at LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE and WELLINGTON, N.Z.

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HABIT MAKER, TAILOR & FURRIER

Riding Habits 9 gns.
Walking Suits 7 gns.

Specially devised Self-measurement forms for Country Orders.

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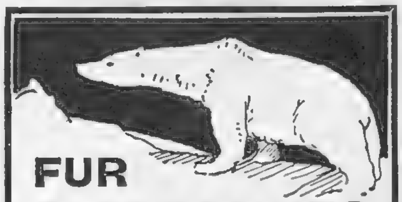
For Backward Children

Growing time is Benger time.

BENGER'S Food

322



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and repairs beautifully executed. West End work at City prices. We specialise in outsizes. Send your Furs to us for expert advice—FREE.
(Old Furs taken in part payment for New.)

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Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and perfectly safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.
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BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6ft. 3⅜in. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 15)

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The garment illustrated is Hookaround No. 900 of peach brocade, for average to heavy figures. A design cut with the new waistline, giving a well-tailored effect.

Sizes 26 to 34. **42/-**

Illustrated Folder and name of Distributor sent on request.

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(Wholesale only)

Furs by Revillon

Smart Sports Coat in Natural Black Musquash flank 35 GNS.

REVILLON

180, REGENT ST. W.1

PETER ROBINSON

A fur-trimmed three-piece in Scotch Tweed

230. This three-piece of Scotch Tweed is an ideal outfit for the Autumn. The jacket buttons snugly up to the neck, or can be worn open as desired. The full-length coat has a smart roll collar of Badger. - - **17 gns.**

Catalogue of Autumn Fashions sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON LTD., LONDON, W.1

PLAYER'S
PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT
The Pattern and Perfection of them all
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
NCC 210
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2/5 100 FOR 4/8

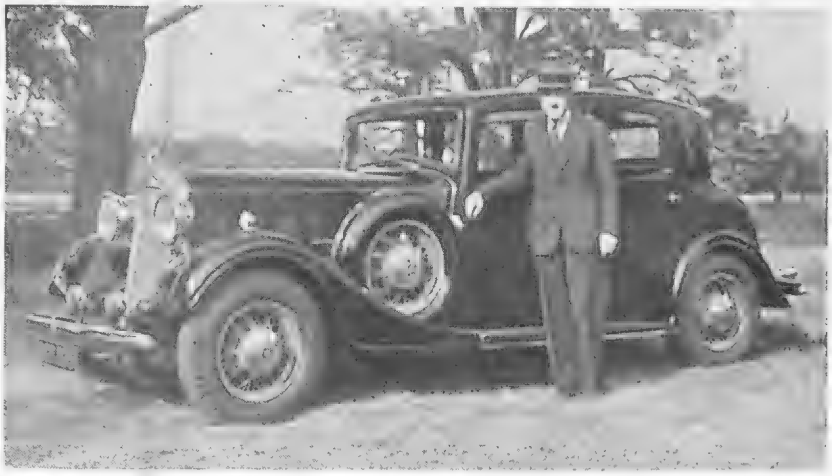
Ever-popular: The FORD 8-H.P. SALOON DE LUXE.

Continued.]

to the way in which the chassis is carried below the rear axle, is one of the chief factors effecting the stability, and has a lot to do with the feeling of confidence that one experiences in driving fast on a winding road.

Thanks to its lively engine and its light weight, the Standard "Nine" is delightfully nippy; it also has quite a useful turn of speed, hums along as happily as anything at 50 to 55 m.p.h., and with the wind astern the speedometer will often register 60 m.p.h. Consequently, one does not get bored when driving this car, as it has a distinct personality and character of its own, which is comparatively rare in a quantity-produced motor-car. I should think that one could safely take the Standard "Nine" on a long Continental tour, or ship it overseas for use in the Colonies or Dominions. The ground-clearance seems adequate; the construction is strong without being heavy; the radiator is of ample size, ensuring adequate cooling, even in mountainous country; and the suspension is such that bumpy and rutted tracks can be driven over quite fast without discomfort.

Although it costs only £165, this car is well equipped with direction-indicators, operated from a switch just below the steering-wheel, bumpers, a petrol gauge registering in litres as well as in gallons, dash ventilators, and so on. In other words, except, perhaps, for the addition of a fog-lamp for use on winter nights, there is really no need for the purchaser to spend any more money on the car, once he has got it taxed and insured. The Standard "Nine" may be an inexpensive vehicle, but it lacks nothing in quality. It is a really sound job from stem to stern, well finished, a good-looker, and combines to a remarkable degree the virtues of absolute reliability and a snappy performance.



This compact 1935 HUMBER SNIPE 80 SPORTSMAN'S SALOON was supplied by Messrs. Hooper and Co., to Captain F. R. Kennington, M.C., who is standing by it.

OVERCOATS

OF QUALITY & DISTINCTION

At MOSS BROS you can choose an Overcoat Ready for Wear—perfect fitting and faultlessly tailored in just the style and materials you prefer.

5½ GNS.

(Also from 4 to 10 Gns.)

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COVENT GARDEN

CORNER OF KING STREET & BEDFORD STREET W.C.2

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

AJO

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

(See page 40) 3/10/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXXIII.

MY VULNERABLE MATHEMATICS.

WHEN I set out to discuss the mathematical chances of certain card events, I feel like the North Country bookmaker who said: "I know nowt about mathematics, but I want to lay six to four the field!" Well, I know "nowt" about the mathematical chance against my holding four aces or five honours, except that, judging from experience, they must be pretty considerable, nor what the distribution ought to be and all that; but I *do* know (I think) when I hold a good *card* chance of fulfilling contract, making game, or downing opponent. In fact, I, like the bookmaker, am satisfied with understanding the practical—or six to four—side of the business, without troubling the mathematical side of it.

From this point of view it seems to me that most contract experts have got the vulnerable position from the wrong angle altogether. At the start of a rubber the first objective is to win a game (cutting out slams for the moment). Game here is worth 300 as hidden profit (mathematically, 350, but 300 will do); you and partner are card-players, and you know all about card values, and therefore you feel justified to chance the loss of 50, 100, or 250 points to write this first game on your score-sheet. You are, in short, taking odds varying between 6 to 1 and 6 to 5 about what is (by supposition) a good card chance. So far, so good; the chance comes off—you win Game No. 1 and you promptly get shortness of breath; you are afraid to open without something like a giant hand, you refuse to support partner without additional values, and you dare not put in a defensive bid unless you have at least opening strength. You both get bidding paralysis! The vulnerable flag is up! Yet this game you are afraid to bid for is worth 700 points in spot cash. (The mathematician says this game is worth 400, but in practice you pay or receive 700 for it, and that 's what I go by.) So now you are taking 700 to 100, 700 to 250, or, if you like, only 700 to 500, but still you are taking better odds when vulnerable than when not vulnerable. If you are game, all these odds are greatly reduced; but, even so, the odds are in your favour, since (again by supposition) you are card-players and understand card chance. Why, then, are you advised to remove your bidding boots just because you are vulnerable? I 'll tell you: because you *may* butt into some abnormal distribution and go down 1000 or so. But the odds against an abnormal position are ten times greater than the odds in favour of making an opening bid and getting on with the business. (Probably all wrong mathematically, but good enough for practical purposes.)

Granted, on border-line affairs, it is absurd to bid up, and turn an odds-on card chance into odds against, but this position holds good whether vulnerable or not. Suppose: A, one spade; Y, two diamonds; B, two hearts; Z, three clubs. A, "no bid"; Y, "no bid"; B, three hearts; Z, "no bid." Now, A would be foolish to bid higher without a solid hand, which he cannot very well have, seeing that he passed Z's three clubs. Nor should B advance the bidding if, by chance, Y puts in another bid. But all this has nothing to do with vulnerability; I am concerned here with opening and supporting bids, which, without question, should not vary with the game score. My mathematics may be bad, but, if bridge mathematics cause bidding paralysis, that may be a blessing in disguise.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 26.

ACROSS.—1. Redound. 5. Obsess. 9. Noticed. 10. Labial. 11. Eirie. 12. Emporium. 13. Risen. 14. European. 17. Pitchers. 19. Tiles. 22. Night-jar. 25. Haunt. 26. Agenda. 27. Opulent. 28. Dosers. 29. Sceptre.

DOWN.—1. Ranker. 2. Deters. 3. Unclench. 4. Dodderer. 5. Orlop. 6. Beano. 7. Edifice. 8. Solomon. 15. Usurious. 16. Outhouse. 17. Poniard. 18. Tigress. 20. Lucent. 21. Statue. 23. Tudor. 24. Jeans.

MRS. D. SMITH, The Barn, Camber, Rye, Sussex, was the sender of the correct solution of the Crossword Puzzle published in our issue of Sept. 19 to be first opened on Monday morning, Sept. 24. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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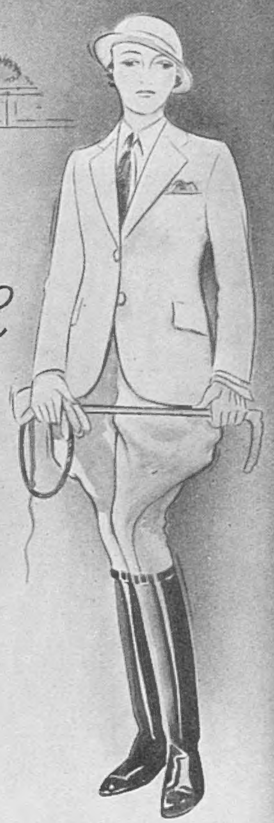

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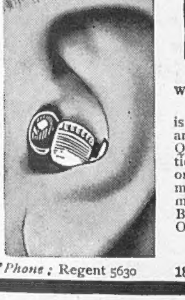

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Duggie: "You needn't explain, Sir Edward. Here is the wire—'Fifty pounds win Where's George'"

Sir Edward: "Appalling, isn't it? It was only when the waiter told us the result that Lady Angela realised her mistake. Do me a favour, Stuart. Allow me to pay the £60 she would have won and credit her account with that amount."

Duggie: "Lady Angela is to be congratulated on her choice of friends, Sir Edward, but I have already given instructions that her commission shall be regarded as a winning bet. I do not take advantage of the obvious mistakes of my clients."

Sir Edward: "Your generosity amazes me, Stuart."

Duggie: "Sometimes I'm amazed myself at the things I say."

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